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THE NAME OF JOHN PAUL JONES.

I READ with much interest the sketch of this hero in the October number of the AMERICAN MONTHLY. The author (Marion Howard) says, that "the reason for his adoption of the name of Jones has never been clearly explained." I am glad to say that I can give the authentic reason, and "clearly explain the matter." I cannot do better than quote from an article published in the *Baltimore Sun* and afterwards copied in the *Charleston News and Courier*.

THE FAMOUS PAUL JONES.

SARATOGA, BUCKINGHAM COUNTY, VIRGINIA, *February 22, 1876.*
"Victory or Westminster Abbey" is as familiar and full of high and soul-stirring significance on one side of the Atlantic as the other. But while the grave of Nelson is a shrine, and Trafalgar an inspiration; while the devotion of a great nation perpetuates the memory and heroism of its illustrious dead in immortal verse and memorial marble, the greatest of America's naval heroes fills a forgotten grave in strange lands, and a name which chronicles the most daring and splendid of his victories, a name with which not quite a hundred years ago the whole world rang and thrilled, is to-day repeated in the "Serapis," and comes with no higher suggestion to the countrymen of Paul Jones than it draws from its association with a descendant of George the Third.

This is scarcely to be wondered at when we remember that while no revolutionary biography can boast more public events of vivid and intense interest than that of Paul Jones, none is so bare and meagre in personal detail. Even the fact that he has immortalized a name which was his only by selection and adoption is slurred over in history with a calm statement that "he changed his name for unknown reasons." As the reasons were not unknown, and however difficult to obtain later, were then easily accessible, it appears to have been rather a lack of careful and intelligent investigation than of facts which caused their suppression. They are now for the first time given to the public.

The outline of his life is briefly told. John Paul, the son of a gardener, was born July 6, 1747, at Arbingland, Scotland. At the age of twelve years he went to sea. In 1773 the death of his brother, in Virginia, whose heir he was, induced him to settle in America. It was then he added to his name and thenceforth was known as "Paul Jones." This was done in compliment to one of the most noted statesmen of that day, and in the love and gratitude it shadows forth is a scathing reproach and a touching example to a people who could neglect in life and forget in death.

It appears that before permanently settling in Virginia, moved by the restlessness of his old seafaring life, he wandered about the country, finally straying to North Carolina. There he became acquainted with two brothers, Willie and Allen Jones. They were both leaders in their day and wise and honored in their generation. Allen Jones was an orator and silver-tongued; Willie Jones, the foremost man of his State and one of the most remarkable of his time. A short sketch of his public services will not be out of place.

Educated abroad, a profound and elegant scholar, he was a thinker and actor rather than a speaker. Like Franklin and Jefferson he, perhaps, owed his uncompromising Republicanism to the abuses of royalty he had seen in the old world. He served as Governor in 1776, refusing compensation; was in the Centennial Congress of 1780-81, and, in fact, filled every office in the gift of the State. He is especially memorable now for his refusal to act as delegate to the convention which framed the Constitution, and for having caused the rejection of that Constitution by North Carolina in 1788.

His home, "The Grove," near Halifax, was not only the resort of the cultivated and refined, but the home of the homeless, Mrs. Jones having sometimes twenty orphan girls under her charge, and it was here the young adventurer, John Paul, was first touched by those gentler and purer influences which changed not only his name, but himself from the rough and reckless mariner into the polished man of society, who was the companion of kings and the lion and pet of Parisian salons. The almost worshiping love and reverence awakened in his hitherto wild and untamed nature by the generous kindness of the brothers, found expression in his adoption of their name. The truth of this account is not only attested by the descendants of Willie Jones, but by the nephew and representative of Paul Jones, Mr. Lowden, of Charleston, South Carolina. This gentleman in 1846 was in Washington awaiting the passage of a bill by Congress, awarding him the land claim of his distinguished uncle, Paul Jones, which had been allowed by the executive of Virginia. Hon. E. W. Hubbard, then a member of Congress from Virginia, had in 1844 prepared a report on Virginia land claims, in which the committee endorsed that of Paul Jones. This naturally attracted Mr. Lowden to him, and learning that Mrs. Hubbard was a descendant of Willie Jones, he repeated to both Colonel Hubbard and herself the cause of his uncle's

change of name, and added that amongst his pictures hung a portrait of Allen Jones."

In addition to the above I would say that General Allen Jones, of the Revolution, was my great-great-grandfather. My grandmother was raised by him and was often at "The Grove," the residence of her great uncle, Willie Jones. My father, Colonel Cadwallader Jones, now eighty-six years old, in his youth was also often an inmate of "The Grove" and heard the facts above spoken of in both families.

A. I. ROBERTSON.

A FRIEND OF GENERAL LAFAYETTE.

"Just a little slow, please. I reckon I'm about the oldest man that ever set foot inside this Capitol, and my legs are none too steady."

It was an old man who spoke. He was on crutches, and he had but one eye. He carried his straw hat in his hand, and his long, thin locks streamed over bent shoulders. The elevator man was clicking the door latch a little impatiently, because the venerable veteran moved rather slowly, and that was what made him utter the half-apologetic remark.

"I'll be ninety-five years old if the Lord lets me live till the 17th of this month of July," he replied to the question as he sank in exhaustion in a seat in the Senate waiting room and began to fan himself.

"You've seen a good deal of life," was the observation of *The Post* reporter.

"Well, yes, m'm," he returned, proudly. "I consider that I have lived in the richest century of the civilized world, and I have been pretty much all over this globe."

The old veteran wore a Grand Army button, and questioned about his service he said that the War of the Rebellion was the third incident of the kind in his eventful life. "I was in the War of 1812 and in the Mexican War, so I knew a little about fighting by the time Sumter was fired on. I guess I couldn't do much fighting for 'Old Glory' now," he added, with a sob in his voice. "I've seen my best days, but I could do the praying yet. I've been a preacher for fifty years. I'd try to go, any-

how, if the old flag needed me. I've done my best to hold up its folds for nearly a century."

Nearly a century! Why, the suggestion makes one gasp. The old veteran's name is William H. Garland—Major, if you please. He gained the proud title and a medal of honor on the field of Antietam, both conferred by Gen. George B. McClellan, who thus acknowledged the bravery of the gallant old war-horse. He lost his eye by a splinter from a shell in the forefront of the fight at Winchester.

Major Garland's father was a Frenchman, who came to Charlottesville, Virginia, in 1700 and something. His two brothers came with him and went to New Hampton. Major Garland was born in the home of Thomas Jefferson in 1802. His father and Jefferson were bosom friends, and the veteran has fond memories of the days when he was dandled by the writer of the Declaration of Independence and rode on his shoulder. He remembers, too, when the Sage of Monticello was buried, and was one of the mourners beside the honored dead.

"I saw this capitol sacked and burned," he said, with a comprehensive wave of his hand, as he looked about on the beautifully frescoed walls. "I did not dream then that I would live to see such magnificence as this. I saw the President's House burned, too—we didn't call it the White House then. It was a sad and sorry sight, and young as I was it fired my boyish heart with supreme contempt for the 'bloody Britishers,' so I did my boyish best to down them; I was too little to do much, but I enlisted at ten years of age as 'powder monkey' and messenger of 'Old Ironsides,' the frigate 'Constitution,' you know. We fell in with the British fleet off the Capes of Delaware, when the sea was as smooth as glass. Captain Hall beat to quarters and then called on all members of the crew who were good oarsmen to go aft on the quarter-deck. He then ordered all boats to be hoisted out, even the barge and 'gig. The boats were manned; all the hawsers that were considered strong enough were spliced together and we got ready to tow the 'Constitution' away from the Britishers. On the fourth day Captain Hall ordered out the kedg anchor. It was taken out 2,500 yards, the hawsers made fast, and then,

to martial airs played by the drum and fife corps, there being not a breath of air stirring, 'Old Ironsides' was pulled out to the kedge anchor and we left the British fleet badly in the rear. Later on the same day a four or five knot breeze sprang up and the old 'Constitution' showed the British fleet her heels. We could see their officers with glasses in the cross-bars trying to make out how we got so far away before a breeze sprang up, as all had been becalmed alike.

"On August 19 the leading frigate of the British fleet, the 'Guerriere,' which had been captured by the English from the French during a naval engagement, pushed out after us. Preparations were made to give a hearty reception to her. We poured four broadsides into her. The first knocked away two of her masts and raked her fore and aft. The crew rigged up a jury mast in order to give her steerage way and turned her stern to us, when another shot was sent into her and made a complete wreck of her. The crew of the 'Constitution' boarded her and secured all her valuables, then blew her up, as she was not worth taking back to Boston harbor as a prize.

"I know all about this fight," he said, with a twinkle in his good eye, "because I was powder boy in the magazine, or 'slaughter-house,' as the sailors called it."

Major Garland was still in the navy in 1824, and because of his perfect knowledge of French, which is as much his native language as English, President James Monroe appointed him a member of the personal escort of the Marquis de Lafayette during his travels through the country. He was with him when the grand banquet was given him at Baltimore, and rode in the carriage just behind that of President Monroe and Lafayette on the historic ride through Georgetown, when the beautiful Miss White, of the 'seminary, presented Lafayette with a boquet of flowers, and Lafayette leaned out of the carriage and kissed her. Miss White afterward became the wife of Congressman Taylor, of Virginia. Major Garland had a photograph sent him by Mrs. White-Taylor, which was taken from a fine painting of the beautiful scene in the streets of Georgetown, which he treasures beyond all else he possesses except his medals.

Major Garland saw the laying of the corner-stone of Bun-

ker Hill Monument in 1824 and heard Webster make his wonderful oration, and in 1825, promoted to master's mate, he was attached to the frigate "Brandywine," which was ordered to Mount Vernon, where Lafayette was taken on board, and Major Garland had the honor of taking him home to Havre, France. It is plain to be seen that all his memories of Lafayette are tender ones, and he talks of him as devotees speak of their patron saints.

Major Garland was in New Orleans when the Mexican War broke out and enlisted in a Louisiana regiment. He was in several memorable battles, and was with General Taylor at Buena Vista.

That his service was brilliant, the decorations he wears distinctly show. Gen. George B. McClellan gave him his rank and title of Major for conspicuous acts of bravery at Antietam. Congress gave him the medal of honor, which is the most highly prized decoration in the world to-day. "For conspicuous bravery on the field of battle," is the sentiment that is engraved on each one. Then Major Garland has a medal given him by General Sherman, one by General Grant, and one presented by General Sheridan. Truly he has been much honored.

To-day he is old and infirm, almost blind, crippled with rheumatism, and going on crutches, poor and destitute, an inmate of the Soldiers' Home, at Hampton, having outlived all the friends of his boyhood and most of those of his early manhood. His mind is clear and he talks most interestingly in two languages. But he is a living example of the fact that republics are ungrateful, for this hero of three wars, not a hero of his own imagination, but wearing medals for heroism made conspicuous by four of the greatest generals the world has ever known, gets, at ninety-five years of age, the pittance of \$12 a month from an ungracious government. An old man broken with the storms of the "most eventful century of the civilized world," he comes to Congress to ask that his pension be increased just \$12, and with \$24 a month he thinks he can smooth to the grave the short path of his declining years.

ISABEL WORRELL BALL.

LONELY GRAVE IN WAYNE.

WEEDS, a wilderness of weeds, grow upon the lonely grave of General Samuel Meredith, the first Treasurer of the United States, in Pleasant Mount, Wayne County, Pennsylvania.

Far away in a neglected spot and almost completely hidden in the rank growth, surrounded by rotten logs and fallen trees, is the simple weather-worn marble slab that marks the resting place of a true patriot who lost his fortune in his country's cause.

His grave is located on a gentle declivity of the Moosic Mountains overlooking the lovely valley of the Lackawaxen and there is no theme better fitted to inspire sadness and sorrow than the neglected state of the final resting place of this man whose memory should be ever green in the minds of American youth.

The sight that greets a visitor to that place is enough to quell every throb of patriotism that ever generated in a human breast. The grave is located in the township of Pleasant Mount, Wayne County, a few miles above Carbondale. It is on the side of a hill north of the turnpike and about midway between the hamlet of Pleasant Mount and the Ontario and Western railway.

To get near the grave it is necessary to cross a fence, go through a grove of trees and then a stone wall is reached. The wall incloses a private cemetery and divides it from a larger inclosure. The only entrance to the burying ground is blocked by broken down trees, branches and stones which seem to mock the white slab that stands in melancholy loneliness amidst a desert of wild weeds and tangled shrubbery. The visible portion of the white slab is the only evidence that underneath there lies the remains of a man. But of his station in life the stone is as silent as the grave it marks. After scrambling over the stone wall and making way through the thick undergrowth for about fifteen feet, you arrive at the "monument." It is a common white slab of cheap marble about three feet high and the only inscription on it is:

SAMUEL MEREDITH,

Died

February The Tenth

1817

In the 76th Year of His Age.

That is all there is to tell of who lies beneath the stone and even this inscription will in a few more years be undecipherable, as moss is now growing in the grooves made by the sculptor's chisel and some of the letters are obscured.

The grave itself is a scene of desolation. Around and on it wild ferns and weeds abound. Young trees grow within a few feet of the grave and will soon obscure the only evidence of its existence. Taller trees and giants of the forest continually throw shade over the dead patriot's resting place even as his country casts a shadow over his memory. Even the wind sighing mournfully in the trees overhead seems to lament the lack of patriotism and gratitude of which the grave is such a forcible reminder. As if to accentuate the unutterable sadness of the surroundings there lies about a foot from Meredith's resting place a slab probably blown down by the wind. The inscription on this stone is almost hidden by moss but by diligent efforts the following was deciphered:

Here

Lie

The Remains of Margaret Meredith

Widow of

Samuel Meredith

Born Dec. 13, 1752

Died Sept. 23, 1820

This Stone

Inscribed as a

Tribute by her Children

In the Memory of an

Affectionate and Revered

Parent.

And there they are. The man who, when his country was in its direst need gave his energy, time and capital for its advancement, and the woman who, without doubt, inspired and supported him in his patriotic endeavors. Here he lies unwept, unhonored and unsung.

One glance at the neglected and scorned resting place of

Meredith would do more to destroy the respect we all should have for our Government than a volume of patriotic words could remedy.

In making inquiries about the location of the grave a venerable gray-bearded farmer was met. "Where is Meredith's grave, did you say?" said this venerable man; "Why, it is over there. Just across the fence. Go through that grove, cross over a stone-wall and that is the place. You will likely see a stone there, as that is all that tells of Meredith. Nothing but a stone for such a man," said the old gentleman with indescribable pathos. "Just think of it! It is a burning shame that there is no monument to mark his resting place. Nothing to remind us or our sons of the good he did his country. Why, it seems as if patriotism has become dormant and respect for the dead has ceased to exist. I am seventy years of age," continued he, "and I never saw such a sad spectacle of ingratitude. Why cannot the citizens of this State start a subscription fund to erect a monument to this patriot. I have two sons and if they did not contribute I would turn them out of doors."

This forcible conclusion was uttered with an earnestness that left no doubt as to the aged gentleman's feelings. This sentiment is general among the country residents, and yet there is not one of them who would clear the weeds from Meredith's grave and place thereon a flower as a token of respect.

The remarks of the old gentleman in regard to starting a subscription fund might be worthy of consideration were it not for the fact that monuments are being unveiled in every part of the State in honor of men who were not more important or prominent in their country's affairs than Meredith, and no subscriptions have been asked for.

In 1877 a weak-hearted attempt was made by Congressman Overton, of this State, to have a bill passed through the House at Washington appropriating \$10,000 for a monument to Meredith, but the movement died prematurely. And so it is that the man whose generous deeds helped to erect the Government of this glorious country lies neglected and forgotten in the wilds of Wayne, and the country now grown strong and vigorous with unlimited wealth at its command is indifferent to the memory of one of the men whose efforts contributed

so much towards making out of the thirteen struggling colonies a grand, magnificent and powerful Government.

General Meredith was born in Philadelphia in 1741, and was the son of Reese and Margaret Meredith. His mother possessed many noble qualities. Her family was very prominent in provincial affairs before the Revolution. His father, we are told, was a "man distinguished for his virtue, integrity and patriotism, a friend of liberty and a benefactor to his country." This latter statement is proven by the fact that during the dark winter days of 1777-78, when the American Army, under Washington, was quartered at Valley Forge, and the soldiers were suffering for lack of food and perishing from want of clothing, the elder Meredith contributed the handsome sum of twenty-five thousand dollars to the support of the army and this helped to tide it over a terrible crisis. Samuel Meredith first began to take an interest in public affairs in 1765. He joined one of the first battalions that were organized to defend the country against England. His rank was junior major, but he was soon advanced to colonel. He took an active part in the battle of Princeton in January, 1777. In April, '77, he was appointed brigadier general. In this capacity he took part in the battles of Brandywine and Germantown.

He retired from active service in January, '78, but he continued to give substantial aid to the struggling patriots. In the fall of '79 he and his brother-in-law, George Clymer, fitted out the sloop of war "Moriah," and presented it to the Government. His generosity and love of country was again in evidence in 1780, when the American Army was in a most destitute condition. This time, like his father, he contributed \$25,000 to help feed and cloth the starving, naked and discouraged soldiers. Clymer, his brother-in-law, gave a like sum, making \$50,000, of a total of \$315,000 that was contributed by ninety-three citizens of Philadelphia. In 1786 General Meredith was elected to the Congress of the Confederation and served on the committee that issued the call for the Federal Convention. He was on very intimate terms with Washington and very often dined at the residence of the greatest American. In August, 1789, President Washington appointed Meredith surveyor of the port of Philadelphia. Six weeks later the Presi-

dent admitted him into his official family and made him first treasurer of the United States. This was immediately after the war, and the treasury was in a deplorable condition. It required financial ability to bring forth order out of chaos, but Meredith soon had the treasury on a sound basis. He served in this office for twelve years during the terms of Washington and John Adams and part of Jefferson's administration. During his whole term as treasurer there was not a single discrepancy discovered in his accounts. The public career of General Meredith came to a close in 1801, when he retired from his office owing to ill health and financial embarrassments, his private affairs being neglected during his official life. He died in 1817.—*Scranton Truth*, August 26, 1899.

 BRAVE NATHAN HALE.

ALICE CRASSETTE HALL.

LIFE, it was pleasant, too full of the wine
 Of young, lusty manhood; the relish in fine,
 Which is born of the hope and the vigor of youth,
 Too full of the sweetness of the living, forsooth,
 To give it up freely, when duty's grim call
 Took a terrible aspect, that well might appall

Those Rangers so bold. "In the ranks of foe,
 A spy on their stronghold, who's willing to go?"
 This was the message that Washington sent.
 And, knowing full bitterly all that it meant,
 The danger, the penalty, dumb to the call,
 Though loyal and true were those brave soldiers all.

All? nay one, with the signet of youth on his brow,
 With a beauty of manhood, unrivaled I trow,
 Gave noble response. "In the ranks of the foe,
 A spy on their stronghold, I'm willing to go;"
 This, with a courage that ne'er was to fail,
 Was the undaunted answer of brave Nathan Hale.

Since life was so pleasant, so full of the wine
 Of young, lusty manhood, too bright to resign,
 With its pleasures before him, its horrors to choose,
 With all things to live for, and all things to loose,
 With home, friends, and one who was dearer than all,
 Why, then, should he answer that harrowing call?

Being formed as he was of that worthier clay
Which heroes are made of, and ready alway
To sacrifice self to his highest ideal,
He deemed it a favor, in his unbounded zeal,
To give e'en his life for his loved country's weal;
How all his soul thrilled at that stirring appeal.

Friends sought to dissuade him from such an emprise,
Sought e'en to belittle the deed in his eyes.
But nobly he said, "In my country's sore need,
All service whatever is honorable indeed."
A courage most lofty was that to prevail
O'er thy timorous comrades, Oh brave Nathan Hale!

* * * * *

The brave deed accomplished, his duty well done,
The thanks of his country most worthily won,
Towards home, friends and sweetheart he eagerly turns,
While the fire of love in his heart newly burns.
Thy spirit, through all that dread task, did not quail,
Well earned is thy recompence, brave Nathan Hale.

On the tide-shifting sands of the Long Island shore,
With gaze turned to mainland, he standeth once more.
There over the water are kindred and home,
And, over the water, at daybreak will come
Kind comrades to bear him to safety again,
And all the bright promise which lies in youth's train.

In the gray of the morning, a boat he descries,
A sight to enrapture his home-longing eyes.
He welcomes it gladly—great God, can it be
That no timely warning will make him to see
That foes and not friends he is hast'ning to meet?
Most basely betrayed, 'tis too late for retreat.

From his fate no appeal; oh the pity to feel
Not the warm clasp of love, but the cold clasp of steel;
Then, over the water, to meet his sad doom,
Over the water, where death shall make room
For one of God's noblest—who would not bewail
Thy pitiful fortune, Oh, brave Nathan Hale?

At dawn of the morrow his spirit had fled,
But ere it departed sublimely he said,
"I only regret that I have but one life
To lose for my country," then ended earth's strife;
No wonder men marveled, and women turned pale
At sight of thy fortitude, brave Nathan Hale.

Oh, brave Nathan Hale, Oh, brave Nathan Hale;
Through ages to come, shall the soul-thrilling tale
Of this, thy great sacrifice, often be told.
Its glory augmented by time many fold,
For, deeds that are slowest to gain 'just award,
Reap oft, in the end, a more lasting reward.

PRUDENCE WRIGHT.

THE story that I have to tell
Is one that cannot vex;
It happened in old Pepperell,
In county Middlesex.

It was in Revolution days
The incident occurred;
Of those old times and stirring ways
You oftentimes have heard.

The women of that other time
Were brave as brave can be;
And one, the subject of this rhyme,
A heroine was she.

The patriots of Pepperell
Were fighting at the fore;
They did their duty, true and well,
On sea and on the shore.

The women over field and farm
Kept faithful watch and ward;
Shielded the town from every harm,
Nor thought their duty hard.

They guarded bridge and forest wood—
These women fair and slight;
And for the right they ever stood,
At morning, noon and night.

One day there came across the dale,
A startling, hurried word;
The women folk, with faces pale,
The hasty rumor heard.

"The Redcoats come! They're gathering near,
Intent our homes to burn;
What shall we do when they are here,
And which way shall we turn?"

"What shall we do?" cried Prudence Wright,
In accents strong and clear;
"Why! beat them back and put to flight
Each 'Redcoat' venturing here."

"We'll hold the bridge, o'er Nashua;
In its defence we'll stand;
No enemy shall pass this way,
To injure home and land."

"Go get your guns, my women brave!
The pitchfork—anything!
It is our little ones we save
From hardship's cruel sting."

Their absent husband's trousers, then,
They donned, and cocked hats, too;
With long surtout, they looked like men
Prepared to dare and do.

For arms they carried spades and picks,
These earnest women bold;
Tongs, rolling-pins and stout broomsticks,
And hickory clubs, 'tis told.

At Jewett's bridge they took their stand,
And waited for the foe;
They were a patriotic band,
As any one might know.

Full soon, with speed, a horseman came,
And pompously he sat
Upon his steed, as seeking fame,
A Tory, sleek and fat.

"Halt! you sir!" said Prudence Wright,
"And stand upon the grass!
Nor need you seek escape by flight—
This bridge you do not pass."

"I'll not dismount! good Lord!" quote he,
"Make way and let me go!
I'm Captain Whiting, as you see,
Whi—Whiting,—don't you know?"

"Unhorse that man!" and Prudence Wright
Said, "See, 'tis quickly done!"
The Tory turned from red to white,
And swore in undertone.

Soon sprawling on the ground he lay—
Away his gray mare ran;
“Why don’t you let me go, I say?”
Loud screamed this irate man.

Then Prudence to her comrades there
Said, “Search this Tory well,
For, I believe that letters rare,
In his deep pockets dwell.”

They turned his pockets inside out,
And laid his bosom bare;
Pulled off his leather boots, so stout,
And found despatches there!

“So in your boots despatches go,
And full of treason, too!
Now, my good sir, you soon shall know
What we with traitors do.”

The trembling Tory then they took,
And marched him off to jail;
While he, with fear and faintness shook,
And uttered doleful wail.

The story of this gallant feat
Flew swift o’er hill and dell;
And “Reg’lars” then, cared not to meet
Prudence of Pepperell.

Their country’s honor, in an hour
Most serious and grave,
Was thus upheld with grace and power,
By women true and brave.

And on the scroll where heroes’ names
Appear in shining light;
With names our country proudly claims,
Gleams that of PRUDENCE WRIGHT.

SUSAN H. WIXON.

FALL RIVER, MASSACHUSETTS.

DICEY LANGSTON IN THE REVOLUTION.

In one of the small towns of South Carolina lived old Daniel Langston and his daughter Dicey. Dicey was about seventeen when the Revolution was at its height. She was full of the sweetness, the freshness of a rosebud, her cheeks as delicate as its petals. Her eyes sparkled with life and mischief though a steady deep fire glowed in their gray depths. Her hair was piled in a curious knot high on her head, and was a mass of pretty curls, while a few escaped from their hold and clung caressingly to her soft white neck and shaded her brow.

The soldiers who were stationed near her house had difficulty in keeping their hearts from danger, when she went to see them, as she often did, because all her energies were bent upon helping the men to escape from any harm the Tories might inflict upon them.

She managed to overhear many of the enemy's plans and in this way gave warning if danger was near.

She knew some of the soldiers on the opposing side, and was so sweet and cordial when she met them, that she got much information from being with them, and one young man especially became interested in her. His name was James Elliott; he was a lieutenant on Colonel Gray's staff, who was in command. Dicey had seen him a few times, but treated him as she did the others, and as she sat one day by the window in the cosy library of her home, reading, she dropped her book and fell to musing. Her father sat by the table in the center of the low panelled room and his daughter's head rested on her hand lost in thought. Suddenly a great rush and stir down the road made her look out. She saw a party of men draw up in front of the gate, and it took but a few seconds for them to walk in where they were, without asking for admittance.

The first one who entered was Colonel Gray, closely followed by the others, amongst them was Elliott. The Colonel gruffly announced he had come for booty and therewith he and his men began pillaging the place. Dicey, when they came in, ran at once to her father's side and during the raid stood by his chair, her small hand resting on his shoulder and maintained a haughty silence.

Elliott contrived to get near her, while the others were busy, and said in a low voice, "They shall not touch you nor your father." She glanced at him and a little astonishment showed in her expressive eyes, but she made no answer. When the Colonel finished his plundering, he paused a moment in the library and picked up a pewter bowl. He tossed it to Elliott, remarking, "There, Elliott, we'll run it into bullets to kill the rebels!"

Dicey turned quickly and laughed at him, saying "Pewter bullets, sir, will never kill a Whig."

"What then?" Gray inquired, attracted by her.

"It is said," she replied slowly, "that nothing less than a silver bullet will shoot a witch, and I am sure the Whigs are more under the protection of Divine Providence."

The Colonel said nothing but walked boldly to her, his spurs clinking on the polished floor. He stopped in front of her, put his hand under her chin and forced her to look at him. "Jove," he said, gazing with admiration at her. "Here's a beautiful wench, Elliott, what do you say, shall we take her prisoner?"

Dicey was calm, though her face had grown white to the lips, as she tightened her hold on her father, but she made no other sign as the young man joined the Colonel. She gazed defiantly at her tormenter, but did not look at Elliott; yet once again she heard his singularly pleasant voice as he said, "I think, Colonel, we've something else to do than parry with a pretty girl. Don't you, sir?"

"Perhaps you're right, Elliott, perhaps you are, but I may change my mind and come back for her," the Colonel said as he turned to go. The former lingered a moment pretending to pick up some fragments.

"Take care, Mistress Langston," he warned, "how you talk to the Colonel, there's danger with him."

"I'm not afraid—not a bit," she said bravely, "of him nor of you."

"You have no cause to fear me," he said gently. "I shall always look after you whenever I can."

She paused in amazement. A new sensation stirred within her. She was frightened at the sudden emotion which awoke in her for him.

"You're very good, I'm sure, lieutenant," she said; "but I can take care of myself as father knows."

"Yes, indeed, child," the old man said.

"But I shall look after you just the same," Elliott answered; and just then a companion called him and he was gone.

When she was assured they had departed, she soothed her father and made him go and rest for the night, but little sleep came to her.

On the following morning she was about her duties, and in the course of a few days, she found out by her usual methods—which nearly amounted to being a spy, though she was not suspected as such—that a company of Tories known as "The Bloody Scouts," were to visit the Elder settlement, where her brother's family lived, and burn the town, taking all they could prisoners.

Both her brothers were in the army, serving against the Tories, and this was one of the reasons why she labored to thwart the enemies at every point. She decided on this occasion to leave home in the night and warn the soldiers. The distance was a long one, through woods and across fields and bogs, but she started out undaunted. A half moon at first guided her, but soon it was obscured, by a ring of mist which hung upon it, and she was forced to go on in the misty darkness, through the forest paths, until some ways ahead of her she heard a rushing of water. She had forgotten the River Tyger, which flowed along between her home and the settlement.

What should she do? She soon reached the bank. The stream rushed wildly by, and for a moment she wavered. Then she plunged boldly into the stream and struck out for the opposite shore, and after a mighty struggle she succeeded in reaching it. She scrambled to her feet somehow, and stood to get her breath. The cool night air blew over her, and she shivered in her wet clothing, but with one thought in mind, to save her brothers and the brave men with him! She went on, on. Once she was sure she had a stealthy footstep following her, and when she looked back she was positive she saw a dark figure hiding by the trees, still this did not stop her and she soon reached her brother David and his men. She gained

admittance to him immediately and told him what she had heard, that the town was to be burned. He aroused his men instantly. He found them foot-sore and very weary and hungry.

What should he do? He sought out Dicey, saying, "What are we to do, my girl? My men have just had a long march, and with little or nothing to eat. They seem incapable of moving further on to arouse the town. What shall we do?"

His sister thought a moment and then said, "If I had a fire, Dave, I'd soon fix them."

"You, you, poor child; why you're wet to the skin, and as pale as a ghost." His kind words made tears glisten in her steady eyes.

She answered in a voice, brave yet tremulous, "Never mind me, get me a fire and some corn meal and water and the field shall be yours."

Some men standing near heard her, and in a little while tore off some boards from the roof of a house near by and soon a fire was burning. Dicey stirred up a mixture of hoe cake, baked it on the glowing embers.

In her brother's regiment there was one young man whom Dicey had known a long time. He was beside her now and helped her as best he could. He was a son of an old friend of her father's, and was called Thomas Springfield.

"Tom," she said, while she worked at the cake, "hurry with the water, for we haven't much time." And he did her bidding. He paused by her and stood a moment while the meal was cooking and slipped a hand through her arm.

"Dicey, dear," he said, "you're white and tired, rest awhile."

She smiled at him, saying while she knelt over the fire, "Nonsense, Tom, not a bit tired." Bravely through she spoke, he saw she taxed her endurance to the uttermost, and he saw he could not interfere.

He was greatly relieved at last to see the men receive all they wanted and enough to take with them. He insisted upon seeing Dicey safely lodged in a shelter for the night. On returning to his regiment he found them ready to start and Dave at their head.

Thus the town was saved, and the Tories found it a deserted

place when they marched in upon it. After all was quiet again Dicey took leave of her brother, whom she saw before leaving, and started for home. Tom insisted upon accompanying her, but she promptly refused him the permission to go with her and went off alone. She wondered why he was so fond of her in spite of the way she treated him, for she was sure he loved her. He had often remonstrated with her at her daring exploits, but to no avail, and she still wondered why he loved her.

The path she took was as lonely one, the daylight streamed upon her and she was absolutely fearless; she walked along singing softly to herself, now a snatch of some patriotic air, and then an old ballad.

"In Scarlet Town, where I was born,
There was a fair maid dwellin'
Made every youth cry 'Well-a-way.'
Her name was Barbara Allen."

was the verse she sang.

Someone stepped out of the thicket and stood before her; she looked up and saw Elliott. "Her name," he exclaimed, "was not Barbara, but Dicey, Dicey Langston."

She blushed hotly, looking away from him. "No, no," she answered lightly, "Barbara Allen."

"Indeed, but I happen to know better, for I'm singing well-a-way all day long, for one fair maid," he said earnestly.

"You should not do it, Lieutenant Elliott, for it's a useless thing to do."

"Useless, aimless, maybe, but I do just the same. Listen," he said suddenly, and grasped her arm tightly, forcing her to stand still. His face had grown deathly pale. "Listen," again he whispered. They both heard in the distance the steady even tramp of feet, and a clashing of swords against the horses' flanks. "God help you, Dicey, it's Gray and his men returning to camp. What will become of you? What shall I do with you? Where shall I hide you?" They were on the border of the woods and no place near to go.

"I shall be taken care of, never fear," she said. Then a new idea bounded into her mind, his safety. "And you, Lieutenant

Elliott?" she went on hurriedly, "there is great danger for you, if you are found here with me—a rebel."

"Nonsense, there's no danger. I shall stay here by you, no matter what they do to me," he said.

"No, you shall not; you shall not—go now—now while there is time."

She went to him, and then for a moment he gazed into her eyes. Alas! in both glances lay a world of love!

"Dicey, you wish me to go for your sake, because you wish to save me?" he asked.

"Yes, just that, because I wish you to go."

The approaching sound of the heavy footsteps came nearer. He had only a moment more, yet in that moment he read much which gladdened his soul, on the young girl's expressive face.

"Farewell, then, sweetheart," he said, bending over her hand to kiss it, and was gone just as a body of men came in sight, led by Colonel Gray.

He gave a long whistle as he caught up with Dicey, saying, "It's my beautiful wench again. Perhaps, boys, we can get some information out of her about the rebels. Let's try."

The men surrounded her, and at Gray's order one of them placed a pistol at her heart, and demanded of her to give them all the information she knew about the Whigs.

The girl's courage never flinched; she faced them proudly, and said defiantly, "Shoot me if you dare, I will not tell you!"

Gray dismounted, pushed the men aside and eyed her curiously. "Well, then, suppose we shoot her, what do you say, boys?" he exclaimed sternly, taking her by the wrist. She made no sign that she heard him or saw him. Her face was like marble, pulseless, white. "Do you hear, wench? he repeated."

"Colonel," a voice said from the rear, and a man came forward. "Surely you're not going to have it said of brave Colonel Gray that he shot down a helpless girl."

Elliott it was who spoke. When he left Dicey, he had caught up with the company, and managed to join them unobserved.

"Confound you, Elliott, you're always interfering and being

my conscience as it were. Yes, why not shoot her down," Gray replied angrily.

"And yet I don't think you will, Colonel," Elliott said firmly. "Surely a brave man would never do that."

"No, indeed; no, no," came from the man and his pistol was withdrawn.

Gray laughed scornfully, "Oh, well, my game is up," he said, "you've won, Elliott, but I'll have a kiss from her, then let her go."

In a moment, he stooped and kissed her before the young man could stop him.

"Coward," she said bitterly, "and you call yourself an English gentleman?"

"She's lovely, isn't she," he said laughing. "I think now I'll keep her prisoner. Shall we, Elliott?"

"Pshaw, Colonel, let her go," he answered and moved as if to raise his hand, but a swift warning glance from Dicey made him stop, and he endured the insult of the kiss.

"Do you know what I think?" Gray said. "I think you're in love with Mistress Dicey."

"Perhaps you're right, Colonel, who knows?" Elliott answered carelessly; then, more earnestly, "but this time, and at all times, I shall defend a helpless girl."

"Yes, I see, I see, and young man I can't help admiring you for it. There's my hand, my boy, and, 'tention there, let the lady pass," the Colonel commanded, now thoroughly ashamed of his recent behavior.

Dicey, without a word or a glance in his direction, moved quickly through the ranks, and was soon speeding home, where she was presently resting on the cool veranda, thinking over the events which had transpired. She found her father very glad to see her, but greatly worried over letters he had received warning him that the enemy was in search of his sons to kill them for fighting against the king. Dicey calmed his fears, promising that they should escape.

Meanwhile another matter troubled the young girl. She often reverted to her last meeting with Elliott, in the forest.

What had he said to her? What implied? A deeper sentiment than friendship surely, he had intended from what he

said and she had felt also in that moment a deeper interest in him. Was love for him springing to life? The mere idea seemed like a death knell to its fulfilment for she would never allow herself to love a Tory, a man utterly and entirely hating her country and its method, fighting against her kindred; no, no. She would stifle those longings to see him and talk with him, and tell him how it was with her. She would conquer this love.

It so happened that she saw him again, when another raid was made on her house. Gray came to kill her father, because his sons could not be found, and they decided to attack him. Dickey, however, with her usual courage saved the old man's life by absolutely refusing to leave him, and stepped between the well-aimed rifle and said she would stay where she was if they fired.

The men desisted at last, in spite of orders from Gray, and he finally with his company left the house in disgust.

After seeing that her father was safely on a couch resting Dickey went out on the low thatched porch. The evening was creeping over the landscape, and she stood, quite still, looking at the scene.

She appeared to be a little tired, yet very lovely in her soft muslin dress.

How much longer would this dreadful war last? Still she must keep up a brave heart to the end.

"Diccy"—a voice spoke her name; a voice well, so well remembered, and Elliott stole up the steps and stood beside her. He saw how her face, her eyes lighted with joy, with love, as she saw him, and then a mysterious change came over her, the light, the glow of happiness died away, and left her pale and unresponsive. A shadow seemed to creep into the brilliant eyes, leaving them very beautiful, but as if she had withdrawn that light he had seen there forever.

Dickey was thinking, thinking she must be firm, she must be true to her country, her kindred.

"Well," she said, very slowly, "what do you want with me, Lieutenant Elliott?"

"So much I scarcely dare to tell you, Mistress Dickey," he exclaimed, puzzled at the change in her.

"You needn't be afraid to tell me," she went on, in her cold low tones. "I'm only a girl and can do no harm."

"Yet you do a great deal of harm, especially a moment ago, you made me hope that my desire would be fulfilled and now, dear, all has changed about you. In a moment, I seem to see nothing but misery ahead of me. What has come to you since we met in the forest?"

"Nothing—then for a moment I was carried away by fear, fear of something."

"Yes, I remember," said Elliott, "you were afraid I would be killed."

"Yes, that was it."

"Well, Dicey, forgive me if I was wrong to hope, but I thought then that you loved me. God help me as I love you. Was I wrong?"

Her quiet voice answered him in a hopeless kind of a way, "Don't you see what madness this is? I am a rebel, opposed to you in everything, loving my country blindly, and my brothers, and all, serving them and no else. You are a soldier, fighting for yours as well. Don't you see how impossible it all is?"

"And will this separate us?"

"Yes, you would never be happy with me, and I—I——"

"But you love me, Dicey, you love?" he asked quickly, close to her; now she touched his hand gently.

"No, no, let me go," she said.

"I love you, I love you," she heard in his insistent voice.

"You must go at once, before, before—no," she said, "I will never see you again. Never speak to you again if I can help it."

Her eyes gleamed dangerously, and her tone grew steadier as she continued:

"My duty is here by my father, and my country. I love them more than anything else."

"Dicey, listen to me. Isn't this cruel. Have you stopped to think of me?" he asked.

"I have thought of you too much already, listened to you too long. My way seems straight at last, and I shall not speak of this matter farther."

She held out her hand pleasantly to him, but he did not take it. She saw and knew the reason why. He could not trust himself.

"I understand," she said, "good-bye, then, good-bye."

She turned deliberately and walked into the house. At the window she looked back at him. He stood straight and tall in his British uniform, regarding her with a thoughtful gaze. His handsome face was very pale, yet very noble as she saw it plainly, with the waning light of day upon it.

"Dicey, my love, and my darling," she heard him say, in his wonderfully gentle voice. She waited no longer, but hurried on, closing the window as she went in.

She never willingly saw him again, and she knew he bore the blow valiantly. Whatever feeling she had for him she conquered and crushed out, and to all appearances was the same light-hearted girl as ever. Her brothers still relied on her to give them information about the Tories, and she never failed them. On one occasion her brother gave her a rifle to keep until he sent for it. After a while he dispatched a body of men for it and she was about to give it to them, when she recollected they had not given the countersign. She demanded it on the instant, fearing they might be enemies. The soldiers seeing her fear pretended to be foes, and one said, "It is too late, now that the gun and its holder are in our possession."

"Do you think so?" the young girl cried out dauntlessly, and aimed the rifle at the speaker's head; continuing, "If the gun is in your possession, take charge of the contents."

They gave the countersign at once, and enjoyed the joke, and Dicey joined their merriment.

Thus through the long Revolution Dicey kept up her courage, her energy, and through all one brave man kept close watch over her. James Elliott often missed his duty to follow her on her long pilgrimages to see that no harm came to her. Sometimes he fancied that she was aware of his presence, though she made no tangible sign that she knew. He kept her image ever with him, loving her hopelessly, yet forever.

The end of the war came at last and with it a rest for Dicey. Once more she was on the porch, the day was just beginning,

the sun just peeping over the meadow; she began living over the moments with Elliott. Of his fate, she knew but vaguely. He had not sought her again, but she felt that he had protected her from further insult from Gray and in many other ways.

A sound of martial music broke the stillness of the morning. She rose to her feet, and looking down the road, saw a British regiment coming. As they reached the house, she recognized Colonel Gray in command—his regiment, it was marching through the town and thence possibly back to England, and with him would go James Elliott! All this flashed through Dicey's mind as she scanned the men.

Gray, as he caught sight of her, doffed his hat and saluted gallantly, then shouting to his men, "Three cheers for the fairest lady in Carolina." And the men gave them with a will.

Dicey waved to them, but her eyes sought another and presently found him near the Colonel, mounted on horseback. He had been promoted evidently. He saw her immediately and as she met his eye she knew, that in the long interval of their separation, he had loved her and for the present moment he was the same, and for the future, she hardly dared look into that, for she there saw the same steadfast light of love shining for her. He looked ill and careworn, and she was pained at sight of him. Her hand stopped its waving as their glances met, and she threw him a kiss impulsively, as he lifted his cap, and rode on, on, away from her, away, and soon she lost sight of him.

Alas, she again dreamed over their last talk here on the porch. At this moment someone came up the steps, and her friend Thomas Springfield in the bravery of his American regimentals was beside her. She roused herself from the reverie which held her, for she knew what he had come for.

"Dicey, love, you'll answer me now, and be my wife?" he said.

"Tom, do you really want me after I've treated you so badly this long time?"

"Yes, dear; yes."

"Suppose—suppose I couldn't, what then?" she asked hesitatingly.

"I could but go on waiting for you, dear."

"You are too patient, too good, Tom."

"Well, what is your answer, Dicey; will you try and love me and be my wife?"

"Yes, Tom; yes," she said and she tried to speak the truth, as she felt his arms about her and a kiss pressed against her lips.

ALICE BURKE.

YESTERDAYS IN WASHINGTON.

BY MARY S. LOCKWOOD.

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FROM PAN'S PIPE TO VIOLIN.

OF all the collections in the National Museum there is none in which the late Dr. G. Brown Goode took a deeper interest than that of antique musical instruments. He made careful research over the earth that he might bring together the earliest instruments known to man, and the result of his painstaking is that here is almost an unbroken history from the earliest instruments known, and the evolution of this art is practically displayed.

I took them in my hands one day and turned them over, and heard their story out of the shadowy past. There they lie silent in their new home—the lute, the harp, the mandolin; some of them are in fragments, some are stringless; all of them are as dead to harmony as the soul that swept the strings in that far-off time. They have fallen into a strange place in their wanderings down the centuries, but the echoes tell the story.

Before language was known, since the morning stars sang together, music has floated in the air; and from the earliest ages some mode of expression has been sought by variously-constructed instruments. When the changes and improvements are completed in the Museum this exhibit will be found in one of the upper balconies, and if the plan of Dr. Goode is carried out, the evolution will be after the order laid down by Rowbotham: First, instruments of percussion; second, wind, and, lastly, string instruments. Those there gathered that

make this object lesson complete have been brought in from the four quarters of the earth.

The first are the primitive musical instruments of percussion—the “rattle,” made of gourds; some finished with handles of bone and wood and feather ornaments. Their birthplace was the land of the Zunis, Costa Rica, and the Fiji Islands. The cocoon of the Mexican butterfly has added its quota to the Indian’s belt, and to the sonorous timekeepers of the dance; even the dew-claws of the deer have been utilized for rattles, and the youths of these wandering tribes are initiated into the full stature of manhood by the ceremonial known as the puberty dance, and the “dew-claw rattle” is held sacred for this purpose.

To these instruments of percussion is added the Fiji Islander’s “drum” of hollow wood, which can be heard for miles in hours of danger. Through the “gongs” we talk with India, and with the Spanish *senoritas* through the “castinets;” the tambourine brings the Circassian maiden before you, and Sambo with the “bones” dances the clog-dance. The hour-glass drum belongs to the tea girls of Japan; the “midranga” is the classical drum of Calcutta. There are the “tom-toms” of Africa, the “royal drums” of Siam, and the “dervish drums” of Cairo. They all speak to us in a language not their own, for silently and mute they hang.

How we long to have them take us into their confidence, and tell us the mission of their birth; but, alas, they keep their secret well. It could not be for sound alone that they were made—certainly not for melody. Was it not for a rhythmic rhyme to mark the time when the dance, or the feast, the burial, or the ceremony was on?

The savages in war-paint and feathers, the dancing girls of the Orient, and the dervish dancers of Cairo were their hand maidens in service, that they loved, that they caressed; but they have become the inheritance of a new nation, and when we look upon this collection of crude instruments, we give thanks that they thrumbed their thrums, if only in rhythm, for their “footprints lead the right way.” In another case we come upon the wind instruments. In them we learn how melody found expression other than by the human voice.

The earliest instrument of this class was "Pan's pipe." How quickly we remember that Mrs. Browning said:

"He tore out a reed—the great god Pan—
From the deep, cold bed of the river;
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away
Ere he brought it out of the river.

* * * * *

"This is the way, laughed the great god Pan
(Laughed while he sat by the river),
The only way since gods began
To make sweet music, they could succeed;
Then dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
He blew in power by the river."

And we know what followed—

"The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river."

Over the world the vibrations went until "Pan's pipe" is found in Japan, India, Siam, and the islands of the sea; always of the same construction. Out from this grew the shepherd's flute. You can easily imagine the young shepherd, supple and fleet-footed, leaping from rock to rock, and in his arms the lost ewe lamb. Near to the flute is placed the primitive flageolet. The Vikings in the frigid Northland handled this rude instrument, and from this crude beginning was evolved the flexible instrument that, in the hands of Svengali, brought tears to the eyes of his boy listener; and in this silent little flageolet we learn that music and art are hand-maidens.

The flute, with its simple reed, has many a story to tell; it is pre-eminently the instrument of love. The flute of the Ashantis of Africa has a pipe of three notes, while on that of the Apaches we count four, and when we reach the Dakotas we find the finished love flute.

Could we return to the tribes and races from which these household gods were taken, and gather from them the folk-songs, we might unfold the secrets that dwell in the depths of the forest, among the children of the seas—of the grand old

Rockies, and beautiful canyons—the home of frost and silence, that through the ages has held the key to all mysteries of prehistoric time. We might be able through the folk-music to arrive at some conclusions for the differentiation of the creation of races, tribes or clans from one to another; in fact, ethnology has already produced for us the A B C of that history.

A pleasant incident has come to us through a translation of a French book by Theodore Bacon—“Some Breton Folk-Songs”—which appeared several years ago in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

“In September, 1758, an English force effected a descent upon the Breton coast at Saint Cast. A company of Lower Bretons, from the neighborhood of Treguire and Saint-Pol-de-Leon, was marching against a detachment of Welsh mountaineers which was coming briskly forward singing a National air, when all at once the Bretons of the French army stopped short in amazement. The air their enemies were singing was one which every day may be heard sounding over the hearths of Brittany. ‘Electrified,’ says the historian, grandson himself of an eye-witness, ‘by accents which spoke to their hearts, they gave way to a sudden enthusiasm, and joined in the same patriotic refrain. The Welsh, in their turn, stood motionless in their ranks. On both sides officers gave the command to fire; but it was in the same language, and the soldiers stood as if petrified. This hesitation continued, however, but a moment; a common emotion was too strong for discipline; the weapons fell from their hands, and the descendants from the ancient Celts renewed upon the battlefield the fraternal ties which had formerly united their fathers.”

In the Phans of Siam we come upon an exquisite little instrument. We follow it through a long, circuitous path and at the end we find evolved the organ. A bagpipe suggests the Highland laddie, and a hurdy-gurdy from Italy brings forward the maskers in the fêtes at Rome, but their drones and bourdouns point out to us the first steps in harmony.

Recent investigations have more and more elicited the fact that the music of every nation holds some distinctive characteristics that have been helpful to the musical masters of the world, and naturally their musical instruments have been

sought after, that the revelations they had to make could be obtained, and it has been through the study of these that the nature of musical intervals, scales, modulation, in fact everything worthy of note, has been revealed.

When stringed instruments were evolved the discovery was made that the voice was no longer a necessity in satisfying man's desire for music. This road, like that of the flute, was long and circuitous.

The first stringed instrument of which there is record is here also—the "scholar's lute" of one string, which was thrummed as an accompaniment to recitation. Next to that hangs the "poet's lute," with double strings. Even the Bedouins chanted verses to the monotone of a one-stringed fiddle made of a gourd covered with sheepskin. From the first rude lute was developed the lyre, and we are told that each of these instruments gave birth to a first-born; the lute to the harp and the lyre to the dulcimer, and near to these instruments we find the "vina" of Hindustan, the "kin" of China, and the harp.

It twirls the brain to search for a starting point. Take the rude harp as we see it in this collection, and we remember the Egyptian harp, elegant in form and decoration, that Bruce tells us was painted on the wall of the sepulcher at Thebes, supposed to be the tomb of Rameses III. There is a broad contrast between that and the crude instrument before us. Surely this could not be the harp that decorated the old King's tomb; much less could it be the one that "Once through Tara's hall the soul of music shed."

A little farther on is a curiosity; the vina of Hindustan, a stringed instrument some five feet long, with a finger or keyboard for frets resting on two large gourds. The nut of ivory has an elephant's head at one end and a peacock's at the other. The notes of the scale were named from animals; the elephant's was the lowest, and the peacock's the highest note in the scale. The "miramba" of Guatemala is a close neighbor; it is constructed of bars of wood resting on their nodes on a rope; sometimes beneath are gourds and other sounding-boards of wood, graduated in size like the bars, which give added volume to the resonant sound.

We find varied instruments of melody centered here that

have helped the children of the world to laughter or to tears, but we find none of harmony until we reach the Christian era. It is not known whether Celt or Italian first solved the secrets of harmony, but we know that minstrels and troubadours played their part in this development. Where the "fiddle and the bow" was born is not known, but there came a day when the violin was added to the guitar and flute, and in the hands of the Amita family it assumed new importance, and was brought to a beauty of form and of color and a sweetness of tone never reached before. Cremona, land of the Amatas, home of Guaneri, birthplace of Stradivarius, what hast thou given to the world? Out of your olive orchards, flowering vines and cloudless skies has come music to which the children of the world bow, listen and love.

We look upon the silent lute of Guaneri's in its strange home, in the Museum, and we remember the violin with which the great master Paganini thrilled the audiences of the world, and we wonder if the arts of the old Etrurians that went to sleep with the death of her Kings awoke again when it was the land of Virgil and took on new forms and spake with a new voice.

Very little could Beethoven have done with his fifth symphony if the musical instruments of the world had not been at his command. We note from the evolution of the "rattle" he was provided with drums; from the "flageolet" with flutes, trombones, clarionets, bassos and piccolos, and from the lute with violin and violincello.

Schumann says: "I was present at a performance of the C minor symphony, and when that passage that leads toward the finale was played, exciting every nerve to the utmost tension, a little boy pressed closer and closer to me, and when I asked him why he did so, he answered: "I am afraid."

Where do we look for the germ of Beethoven's victory? In the "rattle," in "Pan's pipe," in the "flageolet" and the one-string lute that began life's journey long centuries ago. These little instruments traveled over the winding musical road, adding new graces, taking on new forms and new attachments at every turn; they watched and waited for the master hand of Paganini to give the prisoned spirit of Cremona's offering a

soul with voice. They have finished the mission of their birth and lie here as silent as the harps that were hung on the willows of Babylon. Of these old instruments

"We asked in vain what fingers played,
What hearts were stirred, what voices sang;
About them gather mist and shade,
These strings on which their fingers played."

(To be Continued.)

OCTOBER.

OCTOBER trees weep down their leaves
In variegated showers;
Dame Nature sighs 'neath gloomy skies,
Through all her woodland bowers.

From day to day she's growing gray.
On valley, mountain, hill,
While beasts and birds with forest words
Discourse to rock and rill.

The dashing falls through pine clad halls
Roar loudly on the breeze,
And how they bound and leap and sound
While rushing to the seas.

And so like leaves upon the breeze,
O'er mountains, streams and rills,
Must we away from day to day,
And quit our native hills.

Ah, thus we part from home and heart—
And rush forever more,
Until we reach the golden beach
On yon eternal shore.

JOHN A. JOYCE.

October 14, 1899.

WHAT WE ARE DOING AND CHAPTER WORK.

WESTERN RESERVE CHAPTER.—The Western Reserve Chapter, Cleveland, Ohio, announces the following program for the coming year:

September.—A business meeting; reports from the Committees of 1898-99; announcements of the Committees for 1899-1900; announcement of amendments to By-laws, which will be acted upon at the November meeting; reports of delegates to the first Conference of Ohio Chapters, held at Zanesville, June 8 and 9, 1899; "The first Ohio State Conference: its importance and success," Mrs. Squire; "The courtesy and attentions of the State Regent and the Muskingum Chapter," Mrs. Rhodes; "Annual State Conferences," Mrs. Avery; "The need of a State fund," Mrs. Stephens; "Historic Sites Committee," Mrs. Hodge. The Chapter will then act on the following resolution offered at Zanesville by Mrs. Avery: "*Resolved*, That the question of holding an Annual Conference be recommended to the Chapters by this Conference, assembled at the call of the State Regent and at the invitation of the Muskingum Chapter and if approved by two-thirds of the Chapters of the State, such Conference shall be held." This meeting will be held in the audience room of the Western Reserve Historical Society.

October.—A social meeting. The State Regent, Mrs. M. M. Granger, of Zanesville, has accepted an invitation to meet the Western Reserve Chapter on this occasion. This meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. R. R. Rhodes, The Hickories, Lake Avenue.

November.—A business meeting. Action will be taken on the amendments to the By-laws announced at the September meeting; reports of committees; special business, etc. This meeting will be held at the University Club.

December.—A literary meeting. "How the Thirteen Colonies were named," introductory paper, followed by thir-

teen five-minute papers. This meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Virgil P. Kline, 1829 Euclid Avenue.

January.—A business meeting. Election of delegates to the Ninth Continental Congress at Washington; reports of committees; special business, etc. The meeting will be held at Case Library.

February.—A literary meeting. "Some noted women of the early Republics," introductory paper, followed by ten ten-minute papers.

March.—A business meeting. Reports of the delegates to the Ninth Continental Congress; reports of committees; special business; some little talks about the Needlework Guild of America; "The National Society," Mrs. Dangler; "The local sections," Mrs. Chisholm and Mrs. Barriss; "A Chapter Section," Mrs. Squire. This meeting will be held in the audience room of the Western Reserve Historical Society.

April.—A social and literary meeting. A colonial sewing bee, at which each guest is requested to make and donate one garment to the Needlework Guild, while listening to the following program: "The Chapter's Year," by the Historian, Mrs. Kline; "The Bond Slaves," Mrs. Pechin; "A Nearer view of the Mayflower," Mrs. Warner; informal discussion of the May elections. This meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Andrew Squire, The Terraces, Euclid Avenue.

May.—The annual meeting. Regent's address; reports of the Secretary, the Treasurer, the Registrar; roll call; election of officers; reports of committees; special business; adjournment for the year. Announcement of place of meeting will be made by postal.

The program also announces five lectures, November 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10, on "Parliamentary Law," by Mrs. Lillian Cole Bethel, to be given to the Chapter by the invitation of twelve members, and to be held at the University Club by the courtesy of the President and Directors.

The following list of committees have in hand the work undertaken by the Western Reserve Chapter: Committee on a Chair of American History in the College for Women, Cleveland; Committee on the Promotion of Patriotism in the Public Schools, Cleveland; Committee on Books to be presented

to the Western Reserve Historical Society, Cleveland; Committee on a Daughters of the American Revolution Section of the Needlework Guild, Cleveland; Committee on the Collection of Revolutionary Relics for the Continental Hall, Washington; Committee on care of Revolutionary Graves near Cleveland; Committee on Ways and Means; Committee on Reception of New Members; Committee on Genealogical Research; Committee to Audit.

The Chapter gladly avails itself of this opportunity to extend a cordial invitation to any Daughter of the American Revolution, who may be a guest in Cleveland, to attend any of its meetings.—MRS. ANDREW SQUIRE, *Regent*.

OLD NEWBURY CHAPTER.—The past season has been one of pleasure and profit to the Daughters of the Old Newbury Chapter. During the year nine well attended meetings have been held. The general plan of these is the same, first reports and business matters are disposed of, then follows a short musical program, an address, and after the singing of some patriotic song by all present, a social hour is enjoyed and refreshments served. The addresses or essays have been historic or reminiscent and have been beneficial, interesting and amusing. Among them was one by Mr. Samuel Hoyt, on the "Romance of Social Life in the Colonies;" another by the Secretary of the Historical Society of Old Newbury, Miss Getchell, entitled "An Historic Topic Class and the Woman who Conducted It." In this Anne Hutchinson was referred to as the "new woman" of colonial times. Miss Rebecca I. Davis, of Memorial Valley fame, gave a paper on "Moll Pitcher," and read a poem written by John Greenleaf Whittier little known, as it is included only in the earliest editions of his poems.

A delightful afternoon on "My Recollections of Newburyport Sixty Years Ago," was given by one who had been active in social circles and who possessed a clear memory and keen power of observation. A most thrilling adventure was related by Captain Lawrence W. Brown, who told in picturesque and vigorous language of his capture by the famous "Alabama." Captain Brown's vessel was destroyed, himself and crew taken prisoners and set adrift, Captain Brown choosing

to share the fate of his crew rather than take advantage of his superior rank. Dr. H. C. Harvey gave a stirring address on the "Fall of Richmond," made graphic by many personal reminiscences.

The Chapter was brought in touch with the National Society and much valuable information gained from a report written by the Chapter delegates to the Continental Congress held in Washington. Early in the year a revised copy of the Constitution and By-laws was printed and distributed; it was rendered of greater value to the sixty-three Chapter members by containing a Chapter directory. The Chapter has contributed to the Washington Monument and Lafayette Memorial to be presented to France by American women at the exposition of 1900.

Memorial Day, the Chapter, as has been its custom in previous years, united with the Nathaniel Tracy Chapter, Daughters of the Revolution, in decorating the graves of revolutionary soldiers.

The wide and cordial reception given to the "Harvard Volunteer March," composed by Miss Grace Weston Lunt, one of the charter members of the Chapter, has been gratifying to the Chapter. A pretty compliment was given it by Sousa when his band played it at a concert in the city. Surely its inspiring chords prove Miss Lunt a worthy descendant of a patriotic ancestry.

The Chapter is entertained by the Daughters in turn, and this season many have received at the "Wolfe Tavern," a hostelry of some historic note, although modern in its present appointments. It dates from 1762, and its first owner and proprietor, Captain William Davenport, raised a company of Newbury men at the time of the French and English War and were present with them when General Wolfe was killed on the Plains of Abraham. After Captain Davenport returned to Newbury he opened a tavern and with a natural enthusiasm for his General he named it the "Wolfe Tavern," and from the cross beam of a lofty pole he suspended a sign bearing the head and bust of General Wolfe surrounded by an elaborately carved and gilded wreath, all the work of his own hands. During the Revolution this sign barely escaped destruction as

some thought it "an insult to the inhabitants of this truly republican town." Subsequently the sign was destroyed by the great fire of 1811, and in front of the present tavern a new sign bearing the portrait of General Wolfe, painted by Moses Cole, a French refugee, was suspended where it now swings.

By reason of her absence from Newburyport during the winter season, the very capable and gracious Regent, Miss Edith Russell Wills, who has been Regent of the Chapter since its inception, resigned and the Vice-Regent, Mrs. Lawrence Brown, was unanimously elected to succeed her. As Mrs. Brown ably fills the office every indication promises a successful future for the Chapter.—HARRIOT WITHINGTON COLMAN, *Historian*.

JOHNSTOWN CHAPTER.—The sunshine of departing summer added brilliancy to a charming scene on the afternoon of Thursday, August 31st, when within the historic walls of "Johnson Hall," the newly formed Johnstown Chapter welcomed the guests gathered from far and near to be present at that always interesting ceremony in a Chapter's history, the charter presentation. Through the courtesy of one of its charter members, Mrs. J. E. Wells, into whose family the property passed at the close of the last century, this old mansion, "the only baronial mansion now standing in the United States," was thrown open to and enjoyed by the two hundred guests who, received at its portals by the reception committee, were ushered into the great hall and spacious parlors, gay in their robing of red, white and blue bunting and ribbons, our starry banner draped on wall, staircase and pillar, while great clusters of bright hued blossoms added fragrance and beauty to the scene.

On a table once owned by Sir William Johnson rested the charter in its frame of historic wood, much of it from buildings of local interest, but one piece from the great elm at Cambridge, under which Washington took command of the army—imbedded in it is a stone from the battlefield of Johnstown—and this unique frame is held together with nails with which the Hall was originally built, and, with the Regent's gavel, fashioned from a portion of one of the old lilac trees of

Sir William's planting, was made and presented to the Chapter by Mr. James I. Younglove, a member of the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, one ever actively interested in patriotic undertakings, and of whom was said by the Regent, Mrs. F. F. Van Vliet, "without whose material aid and hearty encouragement the Johnstown Chapter would not now be in existence." An orchestra of eight pieces, stationed on the landing of the broad stairs, discoursed patriotic melodies, the hum of voices ceasing as the soul-inspiring strains of "The Star Spangled Banner" filled the air, after which the stroke of the gavel announced the commencement of the exercises. Telegrams of regret and congratulation were read from Mrs. Daniel Manning, President General of the National Society, and from Mrs. Donald McLean, who was to have delivered an address, the loss of which could best be appreciated by those who have listened to her eloquence. In a delightful address the Regent then welcomed all in the name of the Johnstown Chapter and introduced Mrs. Cairns, Vice-Regent from Saratoga.

The early interwoven history of Johnstown and Saratoga was also alluded to, and the fact that Sir William Johnson was the first white man to touch foot on Saratoga soil; when carried from the Valley of the Mohawk he sought the healing waters of its springs. The audience then enjoyed a fine paper by Miss Foote, retrospect of those old times when Johnson Hall "was the chief historic landmark of this section of the State, and was for many years the center of events which so influenced the Colonies that they had much to do with the early policies of this nation"—after which interesting history Mrs. James Mead Belden, of Syracuse, State Regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution, presented, with her customary graciousness, the charter to the Chapter, and which was as graciously received in its behalf by the Registrar, Miss Burdick. The "Sword of Bunker Hill" was then sung with much spirit by Mr. Sharpe, who responded to hearty applause with the equally appropriate "Our Pilgrim Fathers." An original poem by the Regent was followed by addresses by Rev. Dr. Perry and Mr. Dudley, the latter speaking for the Sons of the American Revolution, and a rising vote of thanks

and appreciation was tendered the Chapter and the hostesses, Mrs. Wells and Mrs. W. W. Wood, after which the stirring strains of "America" sounded from the orchestra, and the audience sang with fervor this national hymn, which brought to fitting close a patriotic program long to be remembered.

The guests were then shown many objects of historical interest, chief among them the favorite chair (a low, most comfortable affair) of General Washington, when occupying winter quarters with its former owner, General Varnum, who was Washington's Adjutant General, and a study chair, once the property of Hon. Benjamin Bowne, a private at the capture of Fort Ticonderoga; later, member of the first United States Congress and district judge under John Adams. A third chair was also shown which was used at the first Congress sitting in Philadelphia. These were loaned by Rev. Galbraith B. Perry, D. D., to whose ancestors they had belonged, and who is now rector of St. John's church, which is one of the interesting buildings of Johnstown. In 1760 the first church was built in the old colonial cemetery; in 1772 the capstone was laid for the second, on the site of the present edifice, Sir William Johnson, Sir John Johnson, John Butler and General Herkimer taking part in the Masonic ceremonies, and in this church a brick vault had been built, in which Sir William's remains were placed, and at whose funeral held in this building two thousand people were in attendance, among them Governor Franklin, of New Jersey, the judges of the Supreme Court, and many Indian chiefs.

Clearly visible in the heavy mahogany balustrade of the broad stairway are the marks made by the tomahawk of the Indian Chief Joseph Brandt, and which, like "the blood upon the lintel," was to save from the destroying angel, in the form of fire-brand and scalping knife, this lordly dwelling and its inhabitants. The great rent roll book of Sir William's tenants elicited much interest, and the book of registry with its well filled pages bore evidence that Johnson Hall is a source of historic interest to people from all parts of the country, two hundred names added as a memorial to the patriotism of the women of Johnstown. One hundred and thirty-seven years have passed since the timbers were laid for this goodly mansion, in

which very few changes have been made, and which the years have lightly touched, its immense halls with their beautiful wainscoting, the spacious rooms, the great fireplaces, high mantels, the quaint nooks, the picturesque and untouched portions of the windows, the massive hinges of the hall doors, the odd door latches in bed rooms, are a delight to the eye, and as one stood within the room in which Sir William died, one could but wonder how different might have been the story had the son proved worthy of the father; but alas! within this room, unmindful of its hallowed associations, he may have plotted and planned.

Back of the hall, and almost within sound of voices, stretched the battlefield of Johnstown, their "field of honor," calm in the August sunshine, as if never had it been the scene of carnage—quiet the air as if never had it resounded with savage yell, or despairing cry! To the left of the house was visible the fort, its massive gray stone walls and its port holes intact, the corresponding fort to the right having been torn down years ago, as an obstruction to the view. At the entrance to the grounds rose the tall lilac trees planted by Sir William, and within whose circle and under whose spreading branches he held councils with the Indians. Altogether an enchanting place to sit and dream—and yet, to dream in such a place must bestir to action, as one gazes beyond to that "field of honor," and recalls with pride the noble record of our ancestors in that struggle, which proved no unimportant one, in our country's history. All honor to them!

Night had fallen before the guests departed, bearing with them memories of an afternoon of rare interest and delight, and congratulating the Johnstown Chapter upon its very auspicious beginning, as well as upon many things in which it is particularly fortunate—its historic surroundings as an incentive to patriotic action, the coöperation of the Sons of the American Revolution, of whom there are already seventeen in their city, and the nucleus for a Chapter of the Children's Society, in the presence of two who are now members of the Saratoga Society, Children of the American Revolution.

May all success attend its future efforts, and to all loyal members of this great Society of the Daughters of the Ameri-

can Revolution, can no more fitting or inspiring words be said, than those addressed to the "Johnstown Chapter" in the closing lines of its Regent's beautiful poem:

"Work then bravely, oh! ye daughters!
By the memories of our Sires!
By the deeds of noble women,
In the Past and in the Present,
Make a history for the Future
Which can never be forgotten!"

CLARA L. H. RAWDON.

NORWALK CHAPTER.—Thursday, September 21, was a red-letter day in the calendar of the Norwalk Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, the program being of notable interest. The assembly room of the Central Club was well filled with members of the Chapter at the first meeting of the season. The platform was adorned with vases of golden rod and lilac and purple asters from the fields, which happened to blend very pleasingly with the costume of violet and white foulard worn by the Regent, making a charming picture.

Mrs. Samuel Richard Weed, Regent, presided and made an earnest little speech on the work of the Chapter and alluded to the day as the anniversary of the death of Connecticut's young hero, Nathan Hale, who was executed September 21, 1776. She then announced Miss Pinneo's paper on "Nathan Hale as an Inspiration," saying that, though Hale's name shines by its own lustre, if anything could be said which would add to its brightness, Miss Pinneo was the one to say it. All who heard the paper read felt that the remark of the Regent was justified, and that Hale's name was more glorious than ever, in their minds, as Miss Pinneo analyzed the personality of the young hero and held up an ideal of character and achievement as the result of such an example, in a beautiful and feeling manner. Miss Helen Quintard recited a poem relating the story of Nathan Hale's errand and execution very effectively. After a piano duet by Mrs. F. H. Quintard and Miss Cole, Mrs. Weed introduced the guest of the day, a descendant of the Hale family, Mrs. John R. Creevy, of New York. Mrs. Creevy spoke in regard to her relationship to Nathan Hale as follows:

My mother's parents were first cousins and were the nephew and niece of Nathan Hale; my grandfather, David Hale, being the only son of Nathan Hale's youngest brother, Rev. David Hale, and my grandmother being the only daughter of Nathan's brother Richard.

I remember my grandfather but slightly, as his home was in New York city, and he died in 1849. I remember very much more distinctly his mother, who was, of course, the sister-in-law of Nathan Hale, and who spent the last years of her life at my mother's house in Rockville, Connecticut. She and her husband must have been some ten or twelve years younger than Nathan Hale, as she had no recollection of ever having seen him, though it is possible that she may have done so, as her home was in New Haven, and she was a girl of some ten years of age when he graduated from Yale. Nathan and his elder brother Enoch (the latter being grandfather of Dr. Everett Hale) graduated in the same class of 1773 from Yale, and my great-grandfather, Rev. David Hale, graduated in 1785. On the death of Deacon Richard Hale, the father of Nathan, in 1805, the homestead at South Coventry fell to my great-grandfather, Rev. David Hale, and on his death in 1822 passed to my grandfather, David Hale, but was sold by him to strangers a considerable time before his death in 1849. The house in which Nathan Hale was born had been replaced by a larger one during the life-time of his father, Deacon Richard Hale. When last visited the homestead the house was in very bad repair and the farm appeared to be neglected.

Out of a family of, I think, twelve children of Nathan Hale's parents, there are descendants, so far as I know, of only one sister and the three brothers Enoch, Richard and David.

The only articles in my possession which date back to Nathan Hale's time are a small cherry tea table in my house in Brooklyn, which belonged to the parents of Nathan Hale, and at which, without doubt, he often sat; and one silver table spoon, which belonged to his brother Richard.

There is, or was a story connected with this tea table and with the drawer in it, which I heard in my childhood, but which I but dimly remember, and it cannot now be verified. So far as I recall it, it was, that during the latter years of the Revolutionary War, a party of British soldiers, under Tory guidance, visited the Hale homestead and searched for papers and documents which were supposed to be secreted there, that being apprised of their coming, the papers were hastily put in a drawer of this table and then the cloth spread and the dishes placed upon the table. The search was fruitless.

Mrs. Weed said she had another guest with her, known to all as a writer of verse, Mrs. Margaret Sangster, and, at the request of the officers of the Chapter, she asked Mrs. Sangster to address the ladies, and she very graciously responded.

Mrs. Sangster said that the thought had come to her, as she was driven over the road on which Washington had traveled, and as she listened to the program of the afternoon, that this world was always the theatre of heroic opportunities. Long ago the heroes of the Revolution played their part, later the Civil War called out the flower of the Nation's youth, and only yesterday the war with Spain aroused the young men of this generation; and so the world would go on after we had gone. Most of the world's heroes had been young men. With advancing years we grow too cautious to be bold. Let us, therefore, keep in touch with youth, in sympathy with its spirit, and foster in the younger generation the instinct of noble self-sacrifice to high ideals which inspired the hero of the afternoon's program, Nathan Hale.

A resolution was introduced during the meeting by Mrs. Backus, that the marking of the place from which Nathan Hale embarked from Norwalk on his fatal errand to Huntington with a suitable memorial. A committee will be appointed by the Regent to carry out the project. A letter was read from Rev. G. M. Selleck concerning it.

Photographs were shown of the monument to Hale on the site of the place where he was arrested—now the home of George Taylor, who has named it Hale-Site; and also of a drinking-fountain in the town of Huntington erected in Hale's memory.

Tea was served by Mrs. Van Buren, Mrs. W. H. Weed and Miss Scott, assisted by Miss Sanford and Miss Helen Quintard.

GENESEE CHAPTER.—The first meeting in the third year of the life of Genesee Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution occurred on September 14. By a special meeting called during the summer vacation, by a majority vote, the day was changed from the second Friday to the second Thursday of each month. The Chapter met with the Regent, Mrs. Thompson. The attendance was good. After the business transactions were over, the program for the hour was taken up. It was a question to be responded to by each member of the Chapter, "In what way can a Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution accomplish the most good." Four

short papers were given, each one full of interest, containing rich and valuable suggestions. The first was given by Mrs. C. B. Burr, "The work of collecting all of the early history possible of Genesee county and our own town (Flint) while there is left to us some of the oldest inhabitants, who have seen the county and town grow from an Indian village to a city of fifteen thousand inhabitants, and cultured and intelligent." The second paper was by Mrs. Whitehead. Her theme: "Decorating the walls of the public school rooms with pictures calculated to inspire, as well as cultivate and refine child life." The third one was by Mrs. Kelly. Her suggestion was to "create if possible, a larger reverence for ancestry and ancestors, and a greater appreciation for their struggles, labors, and sufferings, as well as their bravery and patriotism." The fourth paper was by Mrs. William L. Smith. She quoted from Washington's farewell address, "in which he declared our character building to be the highest point of attainment to be reached in the upbuilding of and the foundation stone of good government." She then applied it to our home life in its every department, mother and child, hostess and guests, mistress and servants. Others gave verbal suggestions, advancing their own ideas or approving those already given. The hour was entirely taken up with the question. Discussion was left over until next meeting. We then adjourned for one month.—G. E. DAYTON MAHON, *Historian*.

RANIER CHAPTER (Seattle, Washington).—Although we Daughters in the far-away West feel and regret the distance which separates us from our eastern sisters and from historic objects and scenes, and miss the stimulus which would flow from association therewith, our Chapter has spent a pleasant and, we trust, a not unprofitable year. That this is so, is largely owing to the untiring faithfulness and energy of our Regent, Mrs. Ellen Bacon, and to her we gladly accord all the praise.

At our monthly meetings, inspiring and instructive papers upon the heroines of the Revolution have been read. In the three open evening meetings, many members of the local Chapters of the Sons of the American Revolution and Sons

of the Revolution have participated; and hospitalities have been frequently interchanged between the Mary Ball Chapter, of Tacoma, and our own.

We have endeavored to bear our share of the burden of the present war by coöperating with the local branch of the Society of the Red Cross in the care of soldiers' families and destitute returned soldiers. Our membership has increased during the year from twenty-four to thirty-seven. A Children's Society is under the fostering care of one of our own number, Mrs. G. H. Heilbron.

Our record falls far short of our hopes and ambitions, but time and greater numbers will enable us to make a better one.
—ALICE GALLOWAY SHEPARD, *Historian*.

MACON CHAPTER (Macon, Georgia,) has the honor of having for its Regent Mrs. Mary A. Washington, who is not only a charter member of the National Society and the first lady in Georgia interested in that movement, but is also a "Real Daughter," her father having been a prominent officer in the Revolutionary War. Mrs. Washington was appointed Regent by the National Board in 1891, with authority to organize a Chapter. Her age and delicate health, however, delayed the consummation for two years.

The Chapter was at first, with one consent, named after the Regent, but later the name was at her request changed, reluctantly, in order to conform with a By-law which had just been adopted in regard to using the name of a living person. The Chapter, besides the regular business meetings, has had many delightful social functions and held several anniversary exercises on the date of some great battle or event, papers appropriate to the occasion being read by the members. We have also sought to increase patriotism among the children; as, for instance, offering prizes of works on American History to the girls and boys of the graduation class in the High School, for the best original compositions on a revolutionary subject and the presentation to the same school of a fine portrait of General Washington on February 22.

In other outside matters the Chapter has been represented contributing toward sending the Chapter in San Francisco,

a Catalpa tree to be used in a Colonial Arch in Golden Gate Park, and giving fifty dollars to the Continental Hall Fund. At the last meeting it was decided to donate five dollars to the Lafayette Monument in Paris.

Our Chapter has been honored in the election of one of its members, Mrs. R. E. Park, as State Regent. We are also fortunate in having a friend and legal adviser in the Hon. H. V. Washington, the son of our Regent. Owing to the infirmities of Mrs. Washington, much of the work of the Chapter devolves on the Vice-Regent, Mrs. William Lee Ellis, who is both energetic and untiring, and to whom is due much of our prosperity and pleasure.—MRS. MALLORY H. TAYLOR, *Historian*.

SILVER BOW CHAPTER (Montana).—After having contemplated for sometime, this Chapter was formerly organized on Forefather's Day, December 21, 1897. The members despairing of finding the name of some notable dame that was not already appropriated, chose one of local popularity, Silver Bow. A stream of that name flows through the Valley just below our city, forming a silver bow among the Rocky Mountains. The Chapter contained fourteen charter members as follows: Mrs. Walter Tallant, Regent; Mrs. Anthony Barret, Vice-Regent; Mrs. Elmer Kern, Secretary; Mrs. Robert Grant, Treasurer; Mrs. Clinton Moore, Registrar; Mrs. J. H. Harper, Historian; Mrs. Andrew Davis, Mrs. Kate Lukerville, Mrs. Arthur Wethey, Mrs. E. A. Waren, State Regent; Mrs. Frank Traphagen, Mrs. E. E. Emery, Mrs. J. McCrackin, Miss Grace Robb. During the past year social gatherings have been held at the homes of the different members, on nearly all the dates of special celebrations. Our annual meeting was held in December at the home of our Regent Mrs. Walter S. Tallant, who served the ladies to a charming luncheon before they began the work of the afternoon. Full report of the year's work was read. Officers for the ensuing year were elected and a plan of work discussed. We decided to hold a meeting each month and when there is no special social gathering, the time will be spent in the reading and studying of events of colonial and revolutionary bearing.

During the year our Society became a charter member of the Washington Memorial Association, by the payment of five dollars, and one of our members contributed \$5.00 to the fund of the Daughters of the American Revolution, used for the volunteer soldiers of the late war. We now number seventeen Daughters, ten of whom are residents of Butte, and feel glad to be counted among the number of that patriotic organization, the Daughters of the American Revolution.—HELEN P. HARPER, *Historian*.

CAMDEN CHAPTER.—The accompanying illustration represents the monument erected to the memory of the thirty-four revolutionary soldiers, buried in the town of Camden, New York, by the Camden Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, and unveiled at five o'clock on the afternoon of July 4th, 1899, with the following appropriate and impressive exercises:

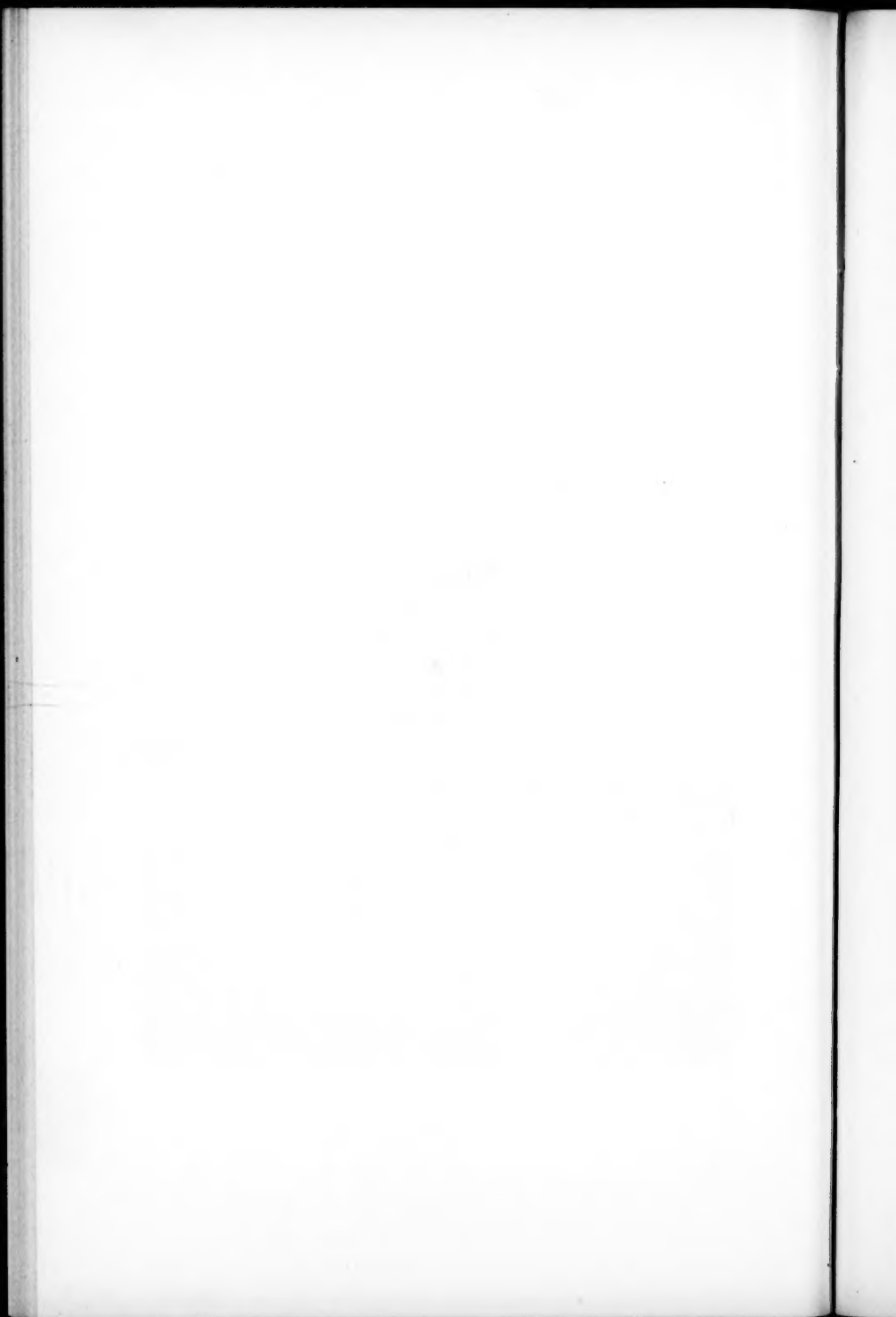
March to cemetery, Daughters of the American Revolution in body, led by Drum Corps; local post Grand Army of the Republic and Municipal Officers; Invocation, Rev. A. P. Palmer; Song—"America," all; Scripture reading, Rev. Edward Evans; Reading, "Battle Hymn of the Republic," Rev. A. E. Dunham; "Yankee Doodle," Drum Corps; Address, Mrs. L. J. Aldrich; Song, "Star Spangled Banner," all; Unveiling Monument, Mrs. Wilson Baldwin; Remarks, Rev. Richard Abbott; Doxology; Benediction, Rev. E. N. Manley.

Owing to a severe shower, the exercises were held in the Town Hall, but the unveiling was done at the cemetery by Mrs. Wilson Baldwin, one of the Chapter's Real Daughters, whose father was Peter Mower. He entered the army at the age of eleven years and served two years under Captain Putnam and Colonel Willett. She was assisted by our efficient Regent, Mrs. W. J. Frisbie.

ORMSBY CHAPTER (Manchester, Vermont).—The following is a statement of what Ormsby Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, accomplished in the way of patriotic work during the year 1898. All money and articles, it is to be understood, were collected within the town of Manchester



MONUMENT ERECTED BY CAMDEN CHAPTER.



and vicinity by the members of Ormsby Chapter and just credit was given to the donors when forwarding the various articles to their destination.

During March and April of last year \$128 were collected for the suffering Cubans and sent to a neighboring town to be forwarded. This money was delayed in transmission, but it has since been sent through Miss Clara Barton, President of the National Red Cross Society, to Mrs. Estes G. Rathbone at Havana, President Cuban Branch, American Red Cross, both of whom have sent appreciative acknowledgments for the same. The money is used for the destitute orphans of the Cuban reconcentrados.

At the same time that this money was collected a large quantity of clothing, with some food, was gathered, at a low estimate, valued at \$80, which were sent in barrels to Cuba as soon as the condition of things would permit, and we are convinced from reports, were certainly received.

During the month of August, 1898, in response to an appeal for delicacies and extras for our soldiers who were then at the front, Ormsby Chapter collected in this town and Dorset the sum of \$30.27, which was sent to the War Fund of the National Daughters of the American Revolution and due acknowledgment of the receipt of the same was returned by Mrs. Sarah Hatch, Treasurer General.

A large box of books was also collected in the town, which was sent to Porto Rico. Several letters have been received from soldiers, who had access to the reading matter of the box and all expressed great thankfulness for the same.—M. LOUISE WYMAN, *Historian*.

MOLLY REID CHAPTER.—On July 10th, 1899, members of Molly Reid Chapter, of Derry, New Hampshire, and friends numbering nearly two hundred, assembled at the Woodburn homestead, the birthplace of Molly Woodburn Reid, to listen to the exercises attendant upon the unveiling of the granite tablet to her memory. The tablet is three feet high, twenty-two inches wide and eight inches thick and bears the inscription:

"Birthplace of Mary Woodburn, wife of General George Reed, 1735-1823. General Stark said of her: 'If there is a woman in New Hampshire fit to be Governor, it is Molly Reid.' Erected by Molly Reid Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, 1899."

Prayer was offered and the song "Columbia Arouse Thee," rendered by a choir. Mrs. M. U. Bingham, the Regent, gave a very interesting historical address on the life of Molly Reid. At the close of the address the tablet which had been covered with the national flag was unveiled. The choir sang "Angel of Peace."

Mrs. Bingham introduced ex-Senator H. W. Blair, who gave an address appropriate to the occasion. A reading was given by a young lady of the district. "America" was sung by the audience and prayer was offered by Rev. George Avery, of New York.

Horace Greely descended from a brother of Molly Reid.—
MRS. LIZZIE F. HILL, *Secretary*.

CAESAR RODNEY CHAPTER, of Wilmington, Delaware, after a summer vacation of four months, held its first autumnal meeting, Friday, October 6th, in the rooms of the Historical Society. Owing to the growth of the Chapter, it is deemed expedient to hereafter hold the regular monthly meetings of the Chapter in these rooms. Social entertainments may be given at the homes of the members, should they so desire. No less than eight applications for membership were received during the summer, and we are earnestly working to increase our number to fifty before the National Congress meets in February.

An innovation was introduced for this reunion of our Chapter after such a long separation. As each member arose to respond to her name in the roll call, she either read or recited an appropriate patriotic quotation. Some of these quotations were most beautiful. From among them, I select one given by our honored State Regent, who is a member of the Caesar Rodney Chapter, and which she has cordially accorded me permission to copy for this article. The sentiment will appeal

to the heart of every woman, and especially to those who have sacrificed their dearest and best on the insatiable, but glorious altar of patriotism.

In response to the toast "Our Flag," the widow of an army officer (who fell in the Spanish War) said: "I belong to a class of women to whom the Star Spangled Banner is especially dear. Since the word Santiago has been burned into our hearts, I see yet more in the Flag, that has been the winding sheet of those dearest to us. In the red, the blood of our martyrs; in the white, the paleness of their ashen faces; in the blue, their lips set with the word 'Freedom,' and in the stars, their souls that will shine forever!"—ELIZABETH WILTBANK CLARK, *Historian*.

BRISTOL CHAPTER.—The 29th of August, being the anniversary of the battle of Rhode Island, has been set apart by the Bristol (Rhode Island) Chapter, as its special day of commemoration. The battle of Rhode Island was fought upon the island of Rhode Island, which is separated from the main land by Bristol Ferry, which is a strait connecting the two arms of Narragansett Bay. The battle ground is but five miles from the town of Bristol.

On the 29th of last August, the Warren ladies who are members of the Chapter, entertained the Bristol members at the home of Mrs. William McClenahan Ranson on Miller Street. The home is large and set in spacious grounds. It is old enough to be interesting, having been occupied by six successive generations of the same family, the sixth generation being represented by Mrs. Ranson's little daughter. It is full of interesting things—historic china, ancient documents, and curious relics of former times. Among these is a pewter platter, which has been in the family for seven generations. It was used at the first commencement dinner of Brown University, then located in Warren and afterwards used at the centennial commencement dinner of the same University now at Providence. So interesting were these objects that they took the place of a formal entertainment and, with conversation which naturally arose from them, fully occupied the time.

The house was decorated with flags and flowers. Ices and cake were served and the music of a harp in the skillful hands of Mr. Frank Raia accompanied the whole entertainment. "America" was sung at the close.—ELEANOR R. LUTHER, *Historian*.

STARS AND STRIPES CHAPTER, of Bennington, Iowa, claims the distinction of having held the first State gathering of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Whereas, the Daughters who attended this gathering were not called together by the State Regent as in a State Conference, the meeting had much in character with such a conference. The occasion was the reception tendered by the Stars and Stripes Chapter to the visiting Daughters of the American Revolution, during the Biennial of Women's Clubs in Burlington, last May. Twenty-five Daughters of the American Revolution from neighboring Chapters responded to the invitation of the Burlington Chapter. Interesting reports were made of Chapter work by the representatives of the various Chapters. The speakers were: Mrs. Cooley, late State Regent; Mrs. Daum, Regent of Ottumwa Chapter; Mrs. Cogswell, Regent of Cedar Rapids Chapter; Mrs. Maria Purdey Peck, Regent of Davenport Chapter; Mrs. Isaac Hillis and Mrs. Alice Bailey, late Regents of Des Moines Chapter. Others present from abroad were: Mrs. H. B. Peters, late Regent of Abigail Adams Chapter, Des Moines; Mrs. J. H. Preston, National Society (Cedar Rapids); Mrs. Jessie McMurray (National Society), Webster City; Mrs. Carrie Curtis, George Washington Chapter, Waverly, Iowa; Mrs. Joseph H. Merrill, Elizabeth Ross Chapter, Ottumwa, Iowa; Mrs. Ruth Carpenter Wilson, Ottumwa Chapter; Mrs. Mary E. Emerson, Ottumwa Chapter; Mrs. Mary Markley, Waterloo and Cedar Falls Chapter, Waterloo; Mrs. C. C. Cottle, Spinning Wheel Chapter, Marshalltown, Iowa; Mrs. A. H. Church, Spinning Wheel Chapter, Marshalltown, Iowa; Mrs. Catherine Carpenter Taylor, Elizabeth Ross Chapter, Ottumwa; Belle Requa Leech, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa; Mrs. Mary Carpenter Harrow, Elizabeth Ross Chapter, Ottumwa; Mrs. Mary B. Hancock,

Dubuque, Iowa; Mrs. S. F. Richards, Regent, Waterloo and Cedar Falls Chapter, Waterloo; Mrs. Maria Tobey Weed, West Union. The National Hymn, and the Hymn of Iowa was sung and the friendship of the Daughters thus cemented. During the convention of the I. F. W. C., the Regent of the Burlington Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, brought friendly greetings from her Chapter to the ladies of the federation.

CURRENT TOPICS.

[Will Chapters sending reports to the Magazine not only give the name of the Chapter, but also name of city or town and State where located, and sign writer's name. Write on one side of paper only, and be especially careful to write plainly all *proper names*.]

To the Editor of the AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE:
The account of the official proceedings of the Board of Management published in the August number, page 283, contains a report of the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, in which she mentions writing to the State Regent of Georgia, among others, for the information regarding Meadow Garden, and from "none of these people was any reply received."

I have taken unbounded interest in Meadow Garden and had I received any letter on the subject from the chairman, I should have responded to its inquiries.

Mrs. Harriet Gould Jeffries was written to as "State Regent." Undoubtedly the mistake was made by her having been greatly interested and identified with Meadow Garden!

I should regret if any charge of indifference should rest against the Augusta Chapter or myself in any matter pertaining to Meadow Garden Farm.

We have full confidence that Congress will make right its omission to authorize the payment of the amount voted to purchase Meadow Garden, and we regret exceedingly that that omission occurred, not only that the expectations of Congress was thwarted by a technical mistake, but that it also gave the Board so much trouble and worry.

Hoping you will understand that I write this to place myself right in this matter, I ask that it may appear in the pages of the Magazine.

EMILY HENDREE PARK,
Georgia State Regent.

A MOST welcome item of news is that the city of Framingham, Massachusetts, has voted \$2,500 to the Daughters of

the American Revolution of the city, to erect a memorial to revolutionary soldiers of that town.

Miss Marion Howard Brazier, who is always saying a good word for our Society, in the *Boston Transcript*, announces that she is prepared to give informal talks before clubs and societies on "Current Events in Journalism," "Paul Jones, our First Naval Hero," "Patriotism abroad," etc. The talk on Paul Jones will be given for traveling expenses only.

THERE was an enthusiastic meeting held by the members of the District Chapters at the Ebbitt House, October 11th, to take measures for an entertainment to raise money for the benefit of the Continental Hall.

It was auspicious that it was called on the anniversary of the organization of the General Society, as well as the anniversary of the discovery of America. We trust that the mantle of success will also fall upon this lesser enterprise and that October 11th will be made an Anniversary Day by the Daughters of the American Revolution.

WE call attention to the instructions of Congress that biographies cannot be inserted with obituary notices in the Magazine.

The Editor is obliged to cut it out whenever incorporated with such notices.

THE yearly proceedings of the Pennsylvania Society, "Sons of the Revolution," is on our desk. It is very evident the object of the Society has been enthusiastically worked out, and the speeches at the annual meeting had in them the true ring of patriotism.

In the tidal wave of love of country that has swept over this Nation, the question might well be asked, "What hath these patriotic societies wrought?"

CURRENT HISTORY.

THE VENEZUELA AWARD.

It will be of interest to those who have followed the controversy between England and Venezuela, which has been going on for several years, to know that an amicable settlement has been arrived at through arbitration, and that America and her policy has been successful in the final settlement. The American policy was arbitration.

Much has been written about the historical Schomburgk line.

It is a fact that this well known and enthusiastic botanist paid his own expenses into this country, not to draw a boundary line, but to study the flora of that wonderful region, and the first maps which he drew were to define where the most wonderful discoveries in this science were made.

The British Government came into possession of some of these maps, and Schomburgk was engaged to draw from these, what is known as the Schomburgk line.

It will be remembered by some, that when the Commission met in Washington, the English Government was confronted by an old atlas in which a map was published containing the original line.

This map was published by the Royal academy and a copy of it is owned by a gentleman in New York, who loaned it to the Hon. William Scruggs, counsel for the Venezuelan Government.

Had the original line been adhered to probably no contest would have occurred, but encroachments have continually been made and new lines laid out always to the westward.

The Schomburgk line of 1840 was some three hundred miles east of the lines proposed by Lord Aberdeen and Lord Grenville.

Venezuela opposed this from the beginning. It is a significant fact that at least four times the line was changed, always taking in a little more Venezuela Territory.

England at no time during the last half century would have accepted the old Schomburgk line as the true one. In the final settlement, about nine-tenths of the way it coincides with the old line.

The British claim to the southeastern side of the mouth of Orinoco River is sustained and the whole coast up to that point is given to her; that is her gain.

The great region lying between Mount Roraima and the Orinoco, including the upper basins of the Cuguni and Corani Rivers, a vast region in extent and rich in gold, is awarded to Venezuela.

It is said this region most of any Great Britain wanted.

She has the valley of the Essequibo, which is supposed to be as rich in gold as that awarded to Venezuela. It therefore seems to be a very just apportionment and both countries are satisfied.

Well may the United States congratulate herself for the part she has taken in the matter.

The same outcry against intervention in the affairs of Spain and its outcome, and our interest and participation in the affairs of the world, were raised in Mr. Cleveland's administration; and the same protest against our intervention in the dispute between England and Venezuela.

The United States could protest honorably against any foreign encroachment on this Continent, through the principles of the Monroe doctrine.

The controversy has been settled just as suggested by the United States. War has been averted. Great Britain and the United States are stronger friends to-day than since the War of the Revolution.

M. S. L.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, YEAR BY YEAR.

WHETHER America was originally peopled from Asia or Asia from America, pre-historic research has not solved.

How long this Continent had been peopled when discovered by Columbus, history answereth not. But the mounds in the Mississippi valley, the shell mounds (kitchen-middings) along the sea coast, the pre-historic copper mines of Lake

Superior, all prove that there was an original people and very likely two that had possession of this land many hundred and perhaps thousands of years. We would ask the help of all for any authenticated data for this condensed history, or what might be termed reference history.

432 A. D.—Buddhist monks from China explore the coast of Fu-sang (supposed to be America).

725 A. D.—Irish monks make settlements on the East and South coast of Iceland, for nearly a century they were maintained.

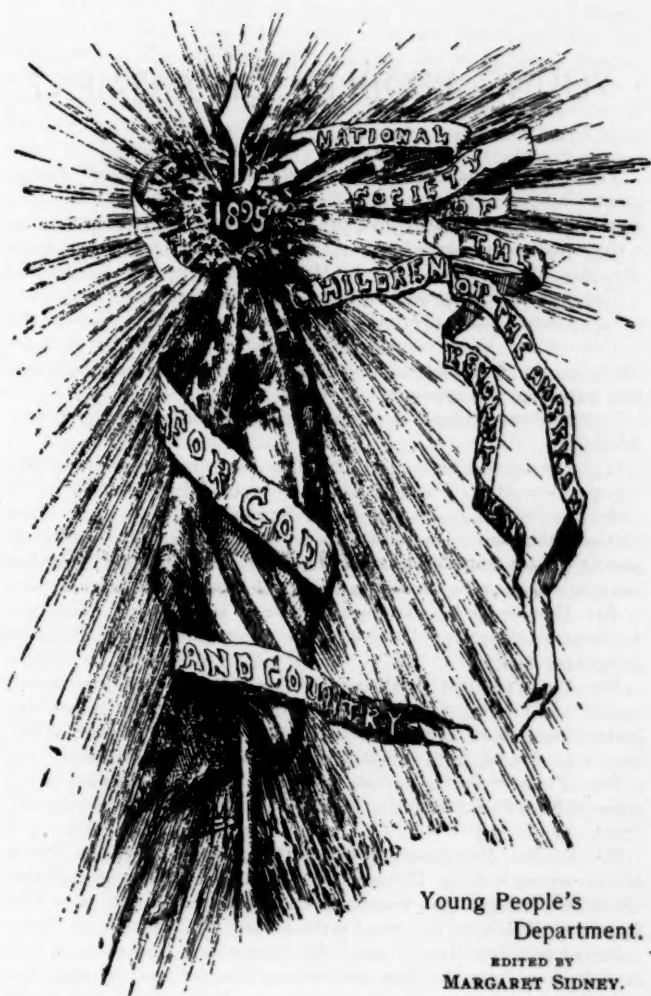
860. A. D.—Iceland discovered by Norsemen and named Snow Land.

876 A. D.—Greenland discovered by Gunnebiorn from the mid channel.

983 A. D.—Eric, the red, plants a colony in Greenland at Ericsford.

995 A. D.—Bjarri sails from Norway to find his father in Greenland. Driven out of his course, sails along the coast of Novo Scotia, Newfoundland and Labrador, until he reaches Herjulfness in Greenland. These are the first Europeans on record who saw the shores of the Continent.

1000 A. D.—Bjarri was blamed in Norway for not landing on the unknown shores. Lief the Lucky, son of Eric, buys his ship, and with Bjarri and thirty-five men sails back along the coast. They named Newfoundland, Flatland; Nova Scotia, Woodland. The first landing was on an island near Cape Cod. A permanent camp was made Mt. Hope Bay, in Rhode Island. The country was named Vinland.



MAY WHITNEY EMERSON, ARTIST

Young People's
Department.

EDITED BY
MARGARET SIDNEY.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

THE regular monthly meeting of the National Board of Management, Children of the American Revolution, was held in the reception room of the Columbian University on Thursday, October 5th, at ten o'clock. Present: Mrs. Lothrop, National President; Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Cromwell, Mrs. Jarvin, Mrs. Hamlin, and Mrs. Benjamin.

The meeting was opened with prayer by the Chaplain.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and accepted. The reports of the Vice-President in Charge of Organization of Local Societies; the Treasurer, the Corresponding Secretary and the Registrar were read and approved.

Twenty-three application papers were read and accepted; six conditionally.

It was suggested by the National President that a committee from the members of the National Board be appointed to draw up resolutions of sympathy to be sent to the National Registrar, Mrs. Harry Heth, on the death of her distinguished husband, General Harry Heth, and to the former National Registrar, Mrs. Rosa Wright Smith, on the death of her renowned father, General Horatio G. Wright.

Mrs. Hamlin moved that such committee be appointed, with Mrs. Lothrop as chairman. Carried. Mrs. Lothrop and Mrs. Benjamin being appointed.

The Vice-President in Charge of Organization of Societies presented the following names of State Promoters for confirmation: Miss Helen Avery, New London, Connecticut; Mrs. H. C. Griggs, Waterbury, Connecticut; both of whom were confirmed by the Board.

Mrs. Flora Wulschner, State Director of Indiana, presented the name of Miss Fanny Hedden, President of a Society in Faribault, Indiana. Confirmed.

The National President announced the appointment of Mrs. Estelle Hatch Webster, State Director for Massachusetts, to succeed Mrs. Maria M. Neale, resigned under pressure of other duties; also Mrs. Martha C. Fowler as Director for the District of Columbia.

Moved by Mrs. Hamlin that "All new work to be presented for contributions from the National Society, Children of the American Revolution, shall first be submitted to the Board of officers of the National Society for approval before being presented to the individual Societies." Carried.

There being no more business the Board adjourned.

Respectfully submitted.

CAROLYN GILBERT BENJAMIN.

At the reception given by the Regent of the Old Concord (Massachusetts) Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, Mrs. H. D. Osgood, to the members of her Chapter and to the State Regent, Miss Sara W. Daggett, by special request the Flag Drill performed by the junior division of the Old North Bridge Society, Children of the American Revolution, was repeated, under the leadership of Margaret M. Lothrop, the Secretary of the Society. On the beautiful lawn in front of the mansion, accompanied by two fifers and drummers, the evolutions took place, each one in the procession carrying a small flag. The drill was prefaced by the salute to the Flag. Harold Rideout recited the poem, "Our Flag of Liberty," very finely. The figures arranged by the leader had been drilled to perfection. Not one of the intricate evolutions was marred by the slightest hesitation or mistake, but one after another were performed brilliantly to the great delight of the large audience.

At the close, when the procession had marched off the lawn and the prolonged applause had died down, the State Regent requested that the youthful company might reappear. And drawn up in front of the spacious veranda, she addressed them with heartfelt, earnest words of appreciation, in which she tendered to them her support and encouragement in their splendid work. And a vote of thanks being graciously proposed by her, the entire company unanimously accorded it. Then three cheers for the youthful patriots followed. And they started three more for Miss Daggett, the State Regent, who seemed to have won all their hearts. And they were not satisfied till they had given her the beautiful salute with the waving little flags they carried in their hands, as a fitting close to their patriotic service rendered in response to the request of the Regent of the Old Concord Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution.

"The Samuel Ward Society, of Westerly, Rhode Island, had a number of pleasant meetings last winter," writes Miss Julia E. Smith, at whose historical home the Society was organized, "with historical games and patriotic exercises, which Mrs. Randall, the President, took much interest in arranging."

Best and most festive of all was February 22, 1899, when we were entertained by Mrs. N. H. Langworthy, the mother of one of our members. The spacious rooms were made very attractive with national colors, flags, etc. A program arranged for the day was well carried out; there was music, marching, a collation in the dining-room, and last and best of all the minuet was danced in the large front parlor. The girls and quite a number of the boys were in colonial costume, and looked very fine in all the bravery of wigs, powdered hair, sweeping trains of brocade and satin. The fresh young faces and brilliant costumes made a charming picture in the gas-light as they went through the stately measures of the minuet. An absent

friend presented each member pretty pictures of General and Mrs. Washington, as souvenirs of the occasion.

Mrs. Randall had a summer gathering for the Children of the American Revolution at her summer home at Avondale not many weeks ago.

The Children of the American Revolution organized a Society called the "Stars and Stripes" on June 14, 1899, in Waterbury, Connecticut, at the home of Miss Katharine Spencer, the President. The movement is under the auspices of Melicent Porter Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, Mrs. H. C. Griggs, Regent. There was singing by Master Robert Leach, recitations by Miss Dorothy Mason and Dorothy Bull and Dorothy Hart, our young members. An address was given by General S. W. Kellogg. Refreshments and games filled up the afternoon.

The officers of the Society are: President, Miss Katharine Spencer; Vice-President, Miss Amy Hart; Secretary, Miss Sara Munson; Registrar, Miss Helen Williams; Treasurer, Miss Sallie B. Miller.

Catharine Griggs, granddaughter of the Regent, was the first member enrolled, and Elizabeth Hosmer Kellogg, three months old, the youngest. The badges for Flag day were a silk and white ribbon with the name of the Society printed on it. Forty-four children were present.

The second meeting was held on Saturday, September 30, 1899, Dewey Day. A picnic was given on the Griggs property. It is an ideal spot, with chestnut grove and picturesque rocks. There the new flag floated gracefully in the frosty air. It was given by Mrs. Emily Goodrich Smith. The President, Miss Katharine Spencer, made a few remarks on Dewey Day, which was celebrated so grandly in New York City. A framed picture of the Children of the American Revolution group taken on Flag Day was presented to Mrs. Smith. A chestnut scramble and prizes of Dewey badges were won by Dorothy Williams and Helen Scoville. Then the picnic lunch was eaten, while Frederica Buckley entertained the company with a recitation, followed by Helen Belden. Little Catharine Griggs gave "Yankee Dewey" (our own hymn) in her usual cunning manner. The meeting closed with "Yankee Doodle," sung with a will by the crowd.

I think we have done some splendid work, particularly in the Red Cross. One of our members gave the first dollar given by a child on the Pacific Coast. This was followed by ten dollars given by members of the Society. One of the boys arranged a guinea-pig show, which netted fifty dollars. The Valentine Holt Society was only one channel through which they contributed; beside this there were the day and Sunday-schools. The children of the public schools of San Francisco gave to the Red Cross, in the short space of three months,

\$3,972.97. Wasn't that just splendid! Beside money, we gave one of our members; Louis Dorr, a boy of eighteen, went out with the first California, and participated with his regiment in several engagements.

The Valentine Holt Society is raising a fund for the Lafayette memorial, and have already in bank one hundred dollars, which we hope to increase before February. Isn't that pretty good?

Most sincerely yours,

S. ISABELLA HUBBARD,
President Valentine Holt Society.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

NORTH ADAMS, MASSACHUSETTS, *October 7, 1899.*

MRS. DANIEL LOTHROP:

DEAR MADAM: Will you kindly allow the following names of members of the Nathaniel Bosworth Society to be placed upon the records of the National Society as having contributed individually both time and money for the relief of our soldiers and sailors during our war with Spain. Their work was done through the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Massachusetts Aid Association: Emily M. Reed, Esther H. Reed, Ellen Agnes Cutting, Mary Eliza Robinson, William Richmond Witherell, Brayton Witherell. Are they entitled to certificates? We also, as the Nathaniel Bosworth Society, Children of the American Revolution, sent seven and one-half dollars (\$7.50) to the soldiers at Manila.

Very truly yours,

ANNA E. R. WITHERELL,
President Nathaniel Bosworth Society.

Mrs. George P. Lawton, of Saratoga, New York, President of the T. S. S. branch in that city, recognized Dewey Day by entertaining the patriotic children of the Bemis Heights Society of the Children of the American Revolution, of which she is President. Fifty-seven children and the officers were invited to the home of Colonel and Mrs. Lawton, on Clinton avenue, on Saturday afternoon, September 30th, to participate in a delightful program. During the late war with Spain several youthful patriots were recruited from the ranks of this Society, and distinguished themselves by the courage and fortitude with which they faced the dangers and sufferings of a soldier's life. Much war relief work was accomplished by the Society.

Prizes for essays on early colonial history were presented as personal gifts by Mrs. Lawton, as follows: First, to Natalie K. Colcord, for essay on Wouter Van Twiller, a cut-glass heart-shaped bonniere, with gold top enamelled in pale blue; second, to Emily S. Penfield, for essay on Bradford Bode, first Governor of Illinois, a gold pen-holder and pencil combined; third, to Marion Fletcher, for essay on

Arthur Sinclair, first Governor of Ohio and Major General in the Revolution, a large sterling silver nail file.

A decided feature of the affair was the presentation of certificates to the children as a recognition of patriotic work, contributions or services to the Army or the Navy. These are given by Harriet M. Lathrop, National President of the Society of the Children of the American Revolution. They are in blue, red and gold, surmounted by a gold eagle. Sixty-two members of the Society are entitled to the certificates.

The following is an outline of the program which commemorated this occasion: Singing, "The Star Spangled Banner;" salute to the flag; address, "Dewey Reminiscences," Mrs. Nellie L. Hayden; "Recollections of Dewey's Boyhood," Mrs. Frederick Menges; address by the President, Mrs. Jeannie Lathrop Lawton; presentation of war certificates; awarding prizes; singing, "America."

Dancing was indulged in, games were played and informal musical selections combined to make the time pass all too swiftly for the children, who concluded an instructive as well as enjoyable afternoon by showing substantial appreciation of the abundant refreshments provided by their hostess.

Mrs. Lawton received from Mrs. Julius H. Caryl a handsome remembrance in the form of a basket of fragrant flowers of the Dewey colors and adorned with the American flag. A large picture of the Admiral ornamented the screen.

An important ceremony in which the Society will participate soon is the unveiling of the monument erected in memory of Reubena Hyde Walworth, the heroic young nurse who died of an illness contracted while nursing the soldiers in the contagious wards of the Montauk Point Army Hospital, and was borne with military honors to her last resting place in Saratoga. Miss Walworth was a member of the Saratoga Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and the monument was erected by subscriptions from the various Chapters.

The unveiling ceremony, which will take place on October 18th, will be impressive, and prominent individuals from many portions of the United States have signified their intention of participating. Mrs. Daniel P. Manning, President General of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and other officers of the Society will be present.

Mrs. Lawton was the chairman of the Associate Committee on Decorated Carriages during the recent Floral Peace Jubilee held at Saratoga. The float entered by Mrs. Lawton for the Bemis Heights Society of the Children of the American Revolution was her own four-in-hand coach, embowered in white flowers, interspersed with laurel. On the sides, the words "Children of the American Revolution," were wrought in crimson blossoms against a background of white. The color bearer of the Society was seated on top, carrying

the flag, and twenty-two children rode in and on top of the coach.—
New York Daily Tribune, October 6, 1899.

Our Society, the "Fort Washington," has done beautiful work and the meetings have been largely attended. We closed for the summer on May 6th, with a social gathering; patriotic airs were sung and short addresses delivered. Our Society now numbers ninety. Several have become Daughters, having reached the age of eighteen.

We lost ten members whose parents moved to other States.

I would be glad for any advice or suggestions on Chapter work for our Society. We have had magic lantern displays on the Spanish war, etc.; lectures on the army insignia and rules, flag from its birth to the present, flags of all nations; given money for our Continental Hall and American Boy war-ship, and done our share in all patriotic work. The warm weather came suddenly and we closed our work until fall.

Yours, most cordially,

SARAH VON PHUL DISNEY,
President Fort Washington Society.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

We trust that each Society will send a record of its work during the spring months; and its account of summer gatherings, and of any patriotic interest that has accrued to the cause. Above all, please forward special plans of work for the new season. Remember that a good beginning is half the battle, and let the October meetings of the Societies all over the country, from Maine to California, and to Florida, be full of enthusiasm for and devotion to the work.

IN MEMORIAM.

MARGARET DURANT TAYLOR.—

WHEREAS, God our Father has taken to his kindly care another loved and esteemed Daughter of the Mary Wooster Chapter, Margaret Durant Taylor.

Resolved, That we make an expression of our appreciation of her thoughtful judgment and loyalty to the Chapter and its interests.

Resolved, That we, the members of the Chapter, extend our heartfelt sympathy to the family in their great sorrow, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the *Danbury News* and the *AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE*.

MARY ELIZABETH MEDBURY,
FANNIE PHELPS SLACK,
MARY WEED SHEPARD.

MRS. MARY BURROWS ROACH.—For the first time in the history of Fanny Ledyard Chapter, of Mystic, Connecticut, we are called to record the death of one of our dear and honored charter members, Mrs. Mary Burrows Roach, who after months of patient suffering, truly lingering in the "valley and shadow of death" until September 12, 1899, when she passed over the river into a sure and glorious immortality.

Resolved, That in the death of our beloved sister, we each feel that we have met with a personal loss, that not soon will her genial, gentle presence, her loyal devotion to the Chapter, and the cause for which we are organized be forgotten, but her memory will ever be lovingly cherished. We extend to her husband and family our sincere sympathy in their great sorrow, hoping that they with ourselves will look to "him who doeth all things well," and who makes no mistakes.

Resolved, That we tender to her family this tribute of respect and affection, that it be sent to the State Regent, the *AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE*, and be spread upon the minutes of this Chapter.

EMMA AVERY SIMMONS,
ELEANOR D. GLADWIN,
ELLA WILLIAMS GARY,
Committee.

CORRILLA COPELAND LEWIS.—Died August 26th, 1899, Mrs. Corrilla Copeland Lewis, a charter member and the beloved Regent of the Sarah McCalla Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, Chariton, Iowa. From the inception of our Chapter until rendered helpless by disease, Mrs. Lewis was our most active and faithful member and we mourn her loss as irreparable.

Mrs. Lewis will be remembered by many Daughters who attended the last Congress, as the author of "The Old Thirteen," which was sung during the sessions.

Nothing we might say of her can add to the dignity and beauty of her life, or the solemnity of her death, nor adequately express the deep sense of loss which has fallen upon her stricken family and friends.

MRS. ELMIRA HITCHCOCK HALL died at Proctor, Vermont, after a lingering illness of nearly one year, on Thursday morning, September 8th. Mrs. Hall was born in Pittsford, Vermont, October 29th, 1821.

She was a member of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, her father having been a soldier of the War for Independence. She became a member of the Ann Story Chapter, Rutland, Vermont, May 6th, 1898. We deeply regret the loss of a "Real Daughter" to our Society.

MISS ASENATH HOWE.—In the death of Miss Asenath Howe, which occurred last week in Stafford Springs, Lucretia Shaw Chapter loses one of its members, who was a "Real Daughter" of the Revolution.

Miss Howe was ninety-eight years of age, and for a long time had been very infirm, so that death came to her as a welcome release.

She was not known to many members of the Chapter personally, as her home was away from New London, but they will regret to learn of her death, because of the bond between them and because the number of daughters of revolutionary patriots is rapidly growing smaller in this end of the century days.

MRS. ABIGAIL FOOTE LOOMIS.—The Wadsworth Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution at Middletown, Connecticut, has lost its oldest member, a Real Daughter of the American Revolution, by the death on the 6th of June, 1899, of Mrs. Abigail Foote Loomis, of East Hampton, Connecticut. Mrs. Loomis lacked twenty days of completing her 101st year.

MRS. EMMA DUTTON QUILL.—

WHEREAS, In the course of human events Hannah Woodruff Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, has lost by death the fourth of its "Patriot's" daughters, Mrs. Emma Dutton Quill,

Resolved, That the members of the Chapter mourn their great loss, and deeply appreciate the honor of having numbered among them a "Patriot's" daughter, whose character was so rare and sweet, and whose life was so loyal to home and country.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be placed on the records of the Chapter, that they be published in the AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE and the *Southington Phoenix*, and a copy be forwarded to the family.

SARAH L. TWITCHELL,
Regent,
ELLEN T. LEWIS,
Historian.

MRS. SARAH F. MCCALMONT.—Died in Asbury Park, New Jersey, Monday, August 15, 1898, Mrs. Sarah F. McCalmont, of Franklin, Pennsylvania.

In the death of Mrs. Sarah F. McCalmont the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution loses a charter member; the Venango Chapter loses not only its founder and first and only Regent, but a dear and valued friend.

Resolved, That this memorial be recorded in the minutes of the Chapter and that copies thereof be sent to the AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE and to her family.

Reported by Mrs. Mary K. Hancock and Mrs. M. L. Bostwick, Committee, and adopted at Chapter meeting, November 7, 1898.

LOUISE H. BOSTWICK,
Secretary.

NANCY ROOT POTTER.—

WHEREAS, In his tender care for the aged ones, the Heavenly Father has called to her rest, our "Patriot's" daughter, Mrs. Nancy Root Potter,

Resolved, That Hannah Woodruff Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, has sustained in the death of the third and oldest "Patriot's" daughter an irreparable loss which is deeply felt, yet over which there is deep thankfulness that she has attained to her everlasting rest.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to those whose tender care has brightened her last years, that they be printed in the AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE and the *Southington Phoenix*, and recorded on the minutes of this Chapter.

MRS. F. B. BRADLEY,
Regent.
MRS. A. M. LEWIS,
Historian.

MRS. EVELINE A. T. ERWIN.—The Xavier Chapter has been called to mourn the death of one of her Daughters, who was one of the few "Real Daughters" of the Revolutionary War. She was a daughter of Jacob Terrill, who served in the Revolutionary War, being wounded at the Guilford County Court House, before he was sixteen years of age.

Be it therefore *Resolved*,

First. That the Xavier Chapter feels honored in having had her with them, even for so short a time.

Second. We will cherish fondly her memory, not only as a patriot, but as a lovable woman of the highest type of Christian character.

Third. We will cite her name with pride, and call upon our children to imitate all those virtues, so nobly found in her, which go to make the perfect Southern woman, faithful in the discharge of every obligation whether it pertained to the relation of wife, home, church or country.

Fourth. That our deepest sympathy be extended to her bereaved family, for we know they have lost a trusted counsellor and a fond mother, and that a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the official minutes of our Chapter, also a copy sent to the AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE, the official organ of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and a copy to the family of our lamented friend and member.

CAROLINE, M. MCGHEE,
IDA NEVIN PATTON,
ETHEL HILLYER HARRIS.



OFFICIAL.

THE NATIONAL SOCIETY
OF THE
Daughters of the American Revolution
Headquarters, 902 F Street, Washington, D. C.

National Board of Management
1899.

President General.

MRS. DANIEL MANNING,

153 Washington Ave., Albany, N. Y., and "The Arlington," Washington, D. C.

Vice-President General in Charge of Organization of Chapters.

MRS. ELEANOR WASHINGTON HOWARD,

Virginia, and 902 F Street, Washington, D. C.

Vice-Presidents General.

For two years.

MRS. ELLEN M. COLTON,
San Francisco, Cal., and 1617 Connecticut
Avenue, Washington, D. C.

MRS. WILLIAM LINDSAY,
Frankfort, Ky., and "The Cochran,"
Washington, D. C.

MRS. GEORGE M. STERNBERG,
1019 16th Street, Washington, D. C.

MRS. CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS,
Indianapolis, Ind., and 1800 Massachusetts
Avenue, Washington, D. C.

MISS MARY ISABELLA FORSYTH,
Kingston, New York.

MRS. GEORGE F. FULLER,
155 Carew Street, Springfield, Mass.

MRS. N. D. SPERRY,
466 Orange Street, New Haven, Conn., and
"The Buckingham," Washington, D. C.

MRS. ESTES G. RATHBONE,
Ohio, and 27 Cuba Street, Havana, Cuba,

MRS. DANIEL NEWMAN,
1724 L Street, Lincoln, Neb.

MRS. CLEMENT A. GRISCOM,
313 Broad Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

For one year.

- MISS ANNIE WHEELER,
Wheeler, Ala., and "The Arlington,"
Washington, D. C.
- MISS MARY BOYCE TEMPLE,
316 W. Cumberland Street, Knoxville,
Tenn.
- MRS. WILLIAM P. FRYE,
Lewiston, Maine, and "The Hamilton,"
Washington, D. C.
- MRS. CHARLES AVERETTE STAKELY,
1301 Yale Street, Washington, D. C.
- MRS. JULIUS C. BURROWS,
Michigan, and 1404 Massachusetts Avenue,
Washington, D. C.
- MRS. A. L. BARBER,
"Belmont," Washington, D. C.
- MRS. FRANCIS S. NASH,
South Carolina, and 1225 15th Street,
Washington, D. C.
- MRS. GREEN CLAY GOODLOE,
Corner 23d and Q Streets, Washington, D. C.
- MRS. PERSON C. CHENEY,
Manchester, New Hampshire.
- MRS. WASHINGTON A. ROEBLING,
191 State Street, Trenton, New Jersey

Chaplain General.

MRS. BETTY MCGUIRE SMOOT,
1111 Orinoco Street, Alexandria, Virginia.

Secretaries General.

Recording Secretary General.

MRS. ALBERT AKERS,
Nashville, Tenn., and 1122 Vermont Ave.,
Washington, D. C.

Corresponding Secretary General.

MRS. KATE KEARNEY HENRY,
902 F Street, and 614 22d Street,
Washington, D. C.

Registrar General.

MISS SUSAN RIVIERE HETZEL,
902 F Street, Washington, D. C.

Treasurer General.

MRS. CHARLES CARLYLE DARWIN,
(Gertrude B. Darwin.)
902 F Street, Washington, D. C.

Historian General.

MRS. MARY JANE SEYMOUR,
Springfield, Mass., and 902 F Street,
Washington, D. C.

Assistant Historian General.

MRS. ROBERT STOCKWELL HATCHER,
Lafayette, Ind., and 902 F Street,
Washington, D. C.

Librarian General.

MISS JULIA TEN EYCK McBLAIR,
902 F Street, Washington, D. C.

State Regents.

Alabama, Mrs. J. MORGAN SMITH, South Highlands, Birmingham.

Alaska,

Arizona,

Arkansas, Mrs. HELEN NORTON, 923 Scott Street, Little Rock.

California, Mrs. JOHN F. SWIFT, 824 Valencia Street, San Francisco.

Colorado, Mrs. W. F. SLOCUM, 24 College Place, Colorado Springs.

Connecticut, . . . Mrs. S. T. KINNEY, 1162 Chapel Street, New Haven.

Delaware,	Mrs. E. C. CHURCHMAN, C'lymont.
District Columbia,	Mrs. CHARLES H. ALDEN, 1740 R Street, Washington.
Florida,	Mrs. J. G. CHRISTOPHER, Riverside Ave., Jacksonville.
Georgia,	Mrs. ROBERT E. PARK, Macon.
Idaho,	
Illinois,	Mrs. WILLIAM A. TALCOTT, 436 N. Main Street, Rockford.
Indiana,	Mrs. E. A. ATKINS, 1312 N. Meridian Street, Indianapolis.
Indian Territory,	Mrs. WALTER A. DUNCAN, Tahlequah, Cherokee Nation.
Iowa,	Mrs. CHARLES E. ARMSTRONG, 355 Fifth Ave., Clinton.
Kansas,	Mrs. KATHARINE S. LEWIS, 1501 Fairmount Ave., Wichita.
Kentucky,	Miss LUCRETIA CLAY, Lexington.
Louisiana,	Mrs. BENJAMIN F. STORY, "Saxonholme," Chalmette P. O.
Maine,	Mrs. HELEN FRYE WHITE, 457 Main Street, Lewiston.
Maryland,	Mrs. J. PEMBROKE THOM, 828 Park Ave., Baltimore.
Massachusetts,	Miss SARA W. DAGGETT, 116 Commonwealth Ave., Boston.
Michigan,	Mrs. WM. FITZ-HUGH EDWARDS, 530 Woodward Ave., Detroit.
Minnesota,	Mrs. ELL TORRANCE, 2446 Park Ave., Minneapolis.
Mississippi,	Mrs. WM. H. SIMS, Birmingham, Ala., and Columbus, Miss.
Missouri,	Mrs. GEORGE H. SHIELDS, 4426 Westminster Place, St. Louis.
Montana,	Mrs. DAVID G. BROWNE, Park Hotel, Great Falls.
Nebraska,	Mrs. GEORGE C. TOWLE, 124 South 24th Street, Omaha.
New Hampshire,	Mrs. JOSIAH CARPENTER, Manchester.
New Jersey,	Miss E. ELLEN BATCHELLER, Somerville.
New Mexico,	Mrs. L. BRADFORD PRINCE, Palace Ave., Santa Fé.
New York,	Mrs. JAMES MEAD BELDEN, 618 W. Genesee St., Syracuse.
North Carolina,	Mrs. EDWARD DILWORTH LATTA, "Dilworth," Charlotte.
North Dakota,	Mrs. S. A. LOUNSBURY, Fargo.
Ohio,	Mrs. MOSES M. GRANGER, 140 Muskingum Ave., Zanesville.
Oklahoma,	Mrs. CASSIUS M. BARNES, Guthrie.
Oregon,	Mrs. I. W. CARD, 380 32d Street, Portland.
Pennsylvania,	Mrs. THOMAS ROBERTS, "The Rittenhouse," Philadelphia.
Rhode Island,	Mrs. GEORGE M. THORNTON, 103 Clay Street, Central Falls.
South Carolina,	Mrs. CLARK WARING, 1428 Laurel Street, Columbia.
South Dakota,	Mrs. ANDREW J. KELLAR, Hot Springs.
Tennessee,	Mrs. JAMES S. PILCHER, Addison Ave., Nashville.
Texas,	Mrs. SIDNEY T. FONTAINE, 1004 Market Street, Galveston.
Utah,	Mrs. CLARENCE E. ALLEN, 234 10th East St., Salt Lake City.
Vermont,	Mrs. JESSE BURDETTE, Arlington.
Virginia,	Mrs. HUGH NELSON PAGE, 212 Granby St., Norfolk.
Washington,	Mrs. CHAUNCEY W. GRIGGS, 401 N. Tacoma Ave., Tacoma.
Wisconsin,	Mrs. JAMES S. PECK, 5 Waverly Place, Milwaukee.
Wyoming,	Mrs. FRANCIS E. WARREN, Wyoming Ave., Washington, D. C.

HOW TO BECOME A MEMBER.

Any woman is eligible for membership in the NATIONAL SOCIETY, DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, who is of the age of eighteen years, and is descended from a patriot man or woman who aided in establishing American Independence, *provided the applicant is acceptable to the Society*. Family tradition alone in regard to the services of an ancestor, unaccompanied by proof will not be considered.

All persons duly qualified, who have been regularly admitted by the National Board of Management, shall be members of the *National Society*, but for purposes of convenience, they may be organized into local

Chapters (those belonging to the National Society alone being known as members-at-large).

Application Blanks and Constitutions will be furnished on request by the State Regent of the State in which you reside, or by the "Corresponding Secretary General" at headquarters, 902 F street, Washington, D. C.

Applications should be made out in *duplicate*, one of which is kept on file at National Headquarters and one returned to file with a Chapter should one be joined.

The application must be *endorsed by at least one member of the Society*. The application, when properly filled out, should be directed to "Registrars General, D. A. R., Room 52, 902 F street, N. W., Washington, D. C."

The initiation fee is One Dollar; the annual dues are Two Dollars.

The sum (Three Dollars) should be sent by check or money order *never by cash*, to "Treasurer General, D. A. R., Washington, D. C."

No application will be considered until this fee is paid. If not accepted this amount will be returned.

At the April meeting of the National Board of Management, D. A. R., the following motion was unanimously passed:

"Resolved, That the following notice be inserted in the AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE: 'Chapters shall send to headquarters, D. A. R., 902 F street, Washington, D. C., notice of deaths, resignations, marriages and all changes of addresses and list of officers.'"

NATIONAL BOARD OF MANAGEMENT.

Friday, June 30, 1899.

A special meeting of the National Board of Management was held Friday, June 30.

The meeting was opened at 10.15 a. m., by the President General, Mrs. Daniel Manning.

Members present: Mrs. Nash, Mrs. Stakely, Mrs. Smoot, Mrs. Henry, Miss Hetzel, Mrs. Darwin, Mrs. Seymour, Mrs. Hatcher, Miss McBlair, Mrs. Alden and Mrs. Akers.

After prayer by the Chaplain General, the Recording Secretary General read the minutes of the June meeting, which upon motion, were approved.

The Corresponding Secretary asked and received permission to read a letter with a view to obtaining instructions from the Board as to answering the same. The letter being in regard to the manufacture of the Daughters of the American Revolution insignia by a New York firm, Mrs. Darwin moved: "That the Corresponding Secretary Gen-

eral be empowered to write to the Attorneys of J. W. Richardson & Co., of New York, informing them that the National Board has referred their communication to our official jewelers, Caldwell & Co." Motion carried.

The committee appointed by the President General to assist the Treasurer General in examining some Chapter accounts reported progress.

The Treasurer General presented the following:

FINAL REPORT OF MRS. M. B. HATCH, RETIRING TREASURER OF THE WAR FUND.

RECEIPTS.

Alabama—General Sumter Chapter,	\$5 00
Connecticut—Connecticut Chapters,	300 00
District of Columbia—Classon, Julia W.,	10 00
Greely, Miss A. W.,	2 00
Mary Washington Chapter,	26 00
Continental Chapter,	10 00
Taplin, Mrs. H. N.,	10 00
Delaware—Caesar Rodney Chapter,	26 00
Georgia—Georgia Chapters,	50 00
Illinois—Chicago Chapter,	50 00
Rouse, Mary, Peoria Chapter,	5 00
Springfield Chapter,	25 00
Moline Chapter,	20 00
Indiana—Fairbanks, Mrs. Cornelia C.,	20 00
Atkins, Mrs. S. F. (State Regent),	10 00
Caroline Scott Harrison Chapter,	39 00
Iowa—Putnam, Mrs. E. D.,	1 00
Dubuque Chapter,	30 00
Clinton Chapter,	400 00
Stars and Stripes Chapter,	1 00
Pilgrim Chapter,	25 00
Kansas—Topeka Chapter,	37 00
Betty Washington Chapter,	5 00
Kentucky—Lexington Chapter,	11 00
Susannah Hart Shelby Chapter,	85 08
Keturah Moss Taylor Chapter,	20 00
Louisiana—Spirit of '76 Chapter,	10 00
Massachusetts—Lucy Jackson Chapter,	200 00
Abigail Adams Chapter,	5 00
Abigail Adams Chapter,	100 00
Sea Coast Defense Chapter,	5 00
Carter, Margeannah,	5 00
Warren and Prescott Chapter,	17 00
Brown, Miss Rebecca Warren,	5 00

Paul Revere Chapter,	49 00
Maine—Frances Dighton Williams Chapter,	5 00
Maryland—Baltimore Chapter,	105 00
Michigan—Sophie de Marsac Campan Chapter,	10 00
Alger, Mrs. Russell A.,	25 00
Minnesota—C. E. McWilliams,	25 00
Missouri—Jane Randolph Jefferson Chapter,	10 00
New Hampshire—Buntin Chapter,	10 00
Ashuelot Chapter,	15 00
New Jersey—Haddonfield Chapter,	11 00
Shippen, G. E.,	5 00
New York—Manning, Mrs. Daniel,	25 00
Shurman, Mrs. Sarah,	1 00
Mohawk Chapter,	35 00
New York Chapters,	685 75
Seneca Chapter,	50 00
Utica Chapter,	300 00
Gansevoort Chapter,	127 50
Owahgena Chapter,	20 00
Wiltwyck Chapter,	100 00
Mohegan Chapter,	20 00
Astenrogen Chapter,	14 00
Chemung Chapter,	5 00
Sagoyewatha Chapter,	10 00
Baron Steuben Chapter,	60 00
*Mary Washington Colonial Chapter,	105 00
*Le Ray de Chaumont Chapter,	66 00
Cherry Valley Chapter,	13 00
Albany Patriotic War Fund,	50 00
Knickerbocker Chapter,	26 50
Fort Stanwix Chapter,	25 00
Hendrick Hudson Chapter,	1 00
Tuscarora Chapter,	20 00
Nebraska—Deborah Avery Chapter,	27 50
Ohio—New Connecticut Chapter,	15 00
Pennsylvania—Harrisburg Chapter,	25 00
Conrad Weiser Chapter,	10 00
Delaware County Chapter,	45 00
Chester County Chapter,	50 00
Merion Chapter,	25 00
Delaware County Chapter,	15 00
Witness Tree Chapter,	13 00
Colonel Hugh White Chapter,	5 00
Sunbury Chapter,	5 00
George Clymer Chapter,	20 00

*This should have been credited to annual dues of these Chapters.

Rhode Island—Nathanael Greene Chapter,	6 00
Woonsocket Chapter,	10 00
Pawtucket Chapter,	52 00
South Carolina—Rebecca Motte Chapter,	5 00
Tennessee—Jane Knox Chapter,	4 50
Vermont—Chittenden, Mrs. Ed. A.,	12 00
Heber Allen Chapter,	6 60
Ethan Allen Chapter,	25 00
Marquis de Lafayette Chapter,	25 00
St. John de Crevecoeur Chapter,	5 00
Green Mountain Chapter,	50 00
Ann Story Chapter,	9 00
Ascutney Chapter,	8 00
Bucklin, Miss Susan,	30 27
Virginia—Margaret Lynn Lewis Chapter,	141 57
West Virginia—Lyman, Maria Spaulding,	1 00
Washington—Mary Ball Chapter,	15 00
Wisconsin—Milwaukee Chapter,	25 00
La Crosse Chapter,	5 00
Tennessee—Campbell Chapter,	7 50
Bonny Kate Chapter,	15 00
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	\$4,313 77
Various contributions not enumerated,	317 78
Interest on deposit in bank,	11 22
	<hr/>
	\$4,642 77

DISBURSEMENTS.

July 1. Mrs. G. M. Sternberg, flannel,	\$17 80
1. S. H. P. Dorsey, fruit,	10 00
1. Justus S. Burlington, R. R. S.,	45 00
5. T. H. Pickford, fruit,	8 35
5. Woodward & Lothrop, as per voucher,	92 00
5. T. H. Pickford, fruit,	8 60
14. Mrs. Amos G. Draper (Hospital Fund),	14 00
22. Dr. H. L. Burrell, per voucher,	100 00
30. Mrs. H. N. Taplin, per voucher,	16 00
Aug. 1. Mrs. K. D. Rathburn, for Chickamauga Chapter, from Milwaukee Chapter,	25 00
6. Mrs. Porter King, diet kitchen at Atlanta,	94 22
9. California Fruit Co.,	28 57
12. Woodward & Lothrop, per voucher,	35 98
12. Mrs. Draper, Hospital Fund, from Campbell Chapter,	7 50
19. Mrs. Draper, Hospital Fund, from Bonny Kate Chapter,	15 00
19. Mrs. Porter King, diet Kitchen, Atlanta,	275 00

19.	Mrs. G. M. Sternberg, Sternberg Hospital,	300 00
19.	Mrs. Chas. O'Neil,	5 00
20.	S. H. P. Dorsey, fruit,	7 35
23.	Mrs. Porter King, diet kitchen, Atlanta,	141 57
27.	Postage Stamps,	11 00
30.	General M. I. Luddingston, Daughters of the American Revolution Launch,	2,500 00
Sept. 2.	Mrs. R. A. Alger—Soldiers' Rest,	25 00
3.	Money expended at Washington Barracks,	100 00
9.	Mrs. L. H. Chase, Soldiers' Rest,	25 00
15.	S Kann & Sons, vouchers,	120 84
15.	California Fruit Co., vouchers,	93 92
15.	W. B. Moses & Sons, vouchers,	10 35
26.	Ann Story Chapter, dues to correct error,	2 00
30.	Caroline Scott Harirson Chapter, dues,	36 00
Oct. 15.	Stamps—for soldiers,	15 00
18.	S. H. Hatch,	5 00
27.	Mrs. Porter King, for diet kitchen, at Atlanta, Ga.,	50 00
Nov. 10.	Family Shoe Store,	50 00
30.	General C. H. Anderson,	25 00
Dec. 1.	Z. D. Gilman, sponges,	11 85
2.	S. H. Hatch, postage,	25 85
Feb. 28.	Western Union Telegraph Co.,	48 62

\$4,401 52

S. H. HATCH,
Treasurer War Fund.

Report accepted.

The following report was also presented by the chairman of Committee.

MRS. CHAS. A. STAKELY, *Chairman, Sub-Committee on War Fund Daughters of the American Revolution:*

MADAM: I have the honor to report that I have examined the books and papers of Mrs. S. H. Hatch, Treasurer of the War Fund, Daughters of the American Revolution, and find the following results:

Receipts from various sources,	\$4,631 55
Interest on deposit in bank,	11 22

\$4,642 77

Less: Amount disbursed for purposes of relief and aid to soldiers during the Spanish-American war,

\$4,401 52

Balance to credit of fund in bank, \$241 12

Respectfully yours,

(Signed)

E. F. BUSHNEL,
Auditor.

Report accepted.

The Chairman of the Committee to assist the Treasurer General in examining Chapter accounts conveyed to the Board certain suggestions of the Auditor in connection with the accounts of the War Fund which he had recently audited. These were duly considered by the Board.

Miss Hetzel moved that the report of the Auditor of the War Fund be accepted. Motion carried.

Miss McBlair moved: "That all special funds collected by order of the National Board of Management, Daughters of the American Revolution, be held by the Treasurer General." Motion carried.

Mrs. Alden moved: "That all money collected by any committee appointed by the National Board of Management, Daughters of the American Revolution, be transferred to the keeping of the Treasurer General." Motion carried.

Mrs. Nash, Chairman of the Committee to secure House for Congress, made a short verbal report, and it was decided to accept the contract for the rent of the Grand Opera House for the week of the Congress, 1900. At 1.15 p. m. it was moved and carried to take a recess until 2.30 p. m.

Friday Afternoon, June 30, 1899.

At 2.30 p. m. the adjourned meeting was called to order by the President General.

Mrs. Henry asked permission to read the report of the Vice-President General in Charge of Organization of Chapters and moved that a special order be made for the consideration of this report. Motion carried.

The following was submitted:

Madam President and Ladies of the National Board: The following Chapter Regents have been appointed by the respective State Regents: Mrs. Augusta Dudley C. Paine, Boone, Iowa; Mrs. Sallie Roan Sanfley, Stanford, Kentucky; Mrs. Bella Pistine Wyman, Minneapolis, Minnesota; Mrs. Maria P. T. Beale, Arden, North Carolina.

Charter applications issued, 6; charters in hands of the engrosser 7. Letters written, 81.

Respectfully submitted,

(Signed)

ELEANOR WASHINGTON HOWARD,

Vice-President General in Charge of Organization of Chapters.

Report accepted.

REPORT OF TREASURER GENERAL, MAY 31ST TO JUNE 30TH, 1899.—

CURRENT FUND.

RECEIPTS.

Balance on hand May 31st (\$8,856.27, less \$10.20 of Meadow Garden Fund separately reported, and \$4.50 trans-

ferred to Permanent Fund, on account of record shield sales of May),	\$8,841 57
Annual dues (\$2,068.00, less \$78.00 refunded),	\$1,990 00
Initiation fees,	289 00
Sales of blanks,	2 74
Sales of Directory,	1 50
Sales of Lineage Book, Vol. I,	\$1 10
Sales of Lineage Book, Vol. II,	3 00
Sales of Lineage Book, Vol. III,	5 00
Sales of Lineage Book, Vol. IV,	1 00
Sales of Lineage Book, Vol. V,	1 00
Sales of Lineage Book, Vol. VI,	1 00
Sales of Lineage Book, Vol. VII,	1 00
Sales of Lineage Book, Vol. VIII,	3 00
	<hr/>
	16 10
Sales of Ribbon,	1 00
Sales of Rosettes,	20 10
Actual income for month,	<hr/>
	2,320 44
Total cash receipts of current fund, June 30, 1899,	\$11,162 01
Average daily receipts, for 30 days, \$77.13 4-5.	

EXPENDITURES.

Office in General.

Curator's salary for June,	\$75 00
Office expenses, repairs, telegrams, expressage, postage, etc., for June and July,	60 00
Postage on application blanks, June and July,	20 00
200 Rosette badges, for sale,	40 00
Office supplies,	11 60
115 yards Society's ribbon, for sale,	50 00
Awnings for two windows,	4 50
Printing 20,000 Continental Hall circulars,	125 00
Postage and expressage on 20,000 Continental Hall circulars,	82 00
Printing 10,000 Constitutions,	138 40
Seal for printing Constitutions,	3 00
4,000 stamped envelopes,	86 40
Rent of office of Curator and Business Manager of Magazine,	23 25
	<hr/>
	\$719 15

Office of Recording and Corresponding Secretaries General.

Stenographer's salary for June,	\$75 00
Awnings for two windows,	4 50

Clerk's salary for June,	50 00	
Rent of rooms,	23 25	
		152 75

Office of Treasurer General.

Salary of Bookkeeper and Record Clerk, June, ..	\$75 00	
Second Clerk's salary for June,	50 00	
Awnings for two windows,	4 50	
1,000 voucher blanks,	8 75	
Auditing account of Treasurer General, February 10—April 27,	25 00	
Rent of rooms,	23 25	
		186 50

*Office of Vice-President General in Charge of Organization
of Chapters.*

Clerk's salary for June,	\$50 00	
Card Catalogue Clerk's salary for June,	50 00	
Rent of rooms,	23 25	
Awnings for two windows,	4 50	
		127 75

Office of Registrar General.

Salaries of three clerks, for June,	\$150 00	
Printing 1,000 postal cards,	12 50	
Engrossing 542 certificates,	23 75	
Postage on certificates,	18 00	
Awnings for two windows,	4 50	
Rent of rooms,	23 25	
		232 00

Office of Historian and Librarian General.

Editing Clerk's salary for June,	\$70 00	
Second Clerk's salary for June,	50 00	
Card catalogue case for Librarian General, ...	20 30	
Salary of Indexer for June,	50 00	
Awnings for two windows,	4 50	
Rent of rooms,	23 25	
		218 05

State Regents' Postage.

New Jersey,	\$5 00	
Massachusetts,	10 00	
Vermont,	2 00	
Kentucky,	5 00	
		22 00

Spoons for Real Daughters.

1. Mrs. Adelaide Hassey, Indiana;	
2. Mrs. Thirzah K. Beale, Massachusetts;	
3. Mrs. Lucy H. Emerson, Massachusetts;	
4. Miss Betsy G. Bean, Rhode Island;	
5. Mrs. Harriet H. Allen, Minnesota;	
6. Mrs. Julia A. Lantzman, New York;	
7. Mrs. Adelaide J. Whitney, New York;	
8. Mrs. Mary A. Cramp, North Dakota;	
9. Miss Margaret Murphy, Ohio;	
10. Mrs. Lydia Chapman, Pennsylvania;	
11. Mary M. Clark, Virginia,	\$26 30

Magazine Expenses.

Auditing account of Business Manager, February 10—April 27,	\$15 00
Printing 2,000 Magazine circulars,	7 00
Five half tone plates for illustration,	14 95
Printing 3,500 copies for May,	331 92
Printing 3,500 copies for June,	276 85
Editor's salary for June,	83 33
Business Manager's salary for June,	50 00
<hr/>	
Total expense of Magazine for June,	\$779 05
Less receipts from sales,	175 00
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Net expense of Magazine for June,	604 05
Printing 1,000 programs for Jubilee of 8th Continental Congress,	4 50
Printing 500 circulars for Assistant Historian General,	3 50
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Total expenditures of current fund for June,	\$2,296 55
Balance on hand June 30th, 1899,	8,865 46
<hr/>	
	\$11,162 01
(Average daily expenditures, for the 30 days, \$76.55 1-6.)	

CURRENT FUND—INVESTMENTS.

Two registered 4 per cent. United States bonds, face value, \$2,000 00

ASSETS OF CURRENT FUND.

Cash in Metropolitan National Bank,	\$96 89
Cash in Washington Loan and Trust Co. Bank, ..	8,768 57
Bonds, as above, at face value, in American Security and Trust Company's vault,	2,000 00
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Total assets of current fund, June 30th, 1899, \$10 865 46

PERMANENT FUND.

CASH RECEIPTS.

On hand May 31st, 1899,	\$11,417 70
Charters: Geneseo Chapter, Illinois,	\$5 00
Eunice Baldwin Chapter, New Hamp- shire,	5 00
Col. Timothy Bigelow Chapter, Massachusetts,	5 00
Alexander Macomb Chapter, Michi- gan,	5 00
	<hr/> 20 00

Life Memberships.

Caroline Scott Harrison Chapter, Mrs. Walling, Indiana,	\$12 50
Chicago Chapter, Mrs. Carrie B. Neely, Illinois, Western Reserve Chapter, Mrs. L. J. Talbot, Ohio,	12 50
Ohio,	12 50
Western Reserve Chapter, Vergil P. Kline, Ohio, Western Reserve Chapter, Mrs. J. E. Ensign, Ohio,	12 50
Ohio,	12 50
Western Reserve Chapter, Mrs. C. I. Dangler, Ohio,	12 50
Western Reserve Chapter, Mrs. Geo. Johnson, Ohio,	12 50
	<hr/> 87 50

Continental Hall Contributions.

Bemis Heights Society, Children of the Ameri- can Revolution, New York,	\$10 00
General Lafayette Chapter, New Jersey,	10 00
Phoebe Greene Ward Chapter, Rhode Island,....	25 00
Cash, District Columbia,	50
	<hr/> 45 50
Royalty in sales of Record shields (transferred from Current Fund),	4 50
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Total cash receipts of Permanent Fund, June 30, 1899, \$11,575 20

PERMANENT FUND.

INVESTMENTS.

Eighteen registered four per cent. United States bonds, of 1907, face value,	\$27,000 00
Six registered five per cent. United States bonds, of 1904, face value,	6,000 00

Two debenture four per cent. bonds of American Security and Trust Company, Washington, D. C., face value,	1,000 00
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Total Permanent Fund Investment, June 30th, 1899, \$34,000 00

ASSETS OF PERMANENT FUND.

Cash balance in American Security and Trust Company's Bank,	\$11,575 20
Twenty-six bonds, as above, in American Security and Trust Company's vault,	34,000 00

Total Assets of Permanent Fund, June 30th, 1899, \$45,575 20

COMBINED ASSETS OF BOTH FUNDS.

Cash balance of Current Fund,	\$8,865 46
Bonds of Current Fund, at face value,	2,000 00
Cash balance of Permanent Fund,	11,575 20
Bonds of Permanent Fund, at face value,	34,000 00

Total Assets of National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, June 30th, 1899, \$56,440 66

SPECIAL FUNDS.

Meadow Garden Fund Contributions.

Lycoming Chapter, Pennsylvania,	\$6 20
Delaware County Chapter, Pennsylvania,	2 00
Miss Elizabeth Maxwell,	1 00
Martha Jefferson Chapter, Iowa, ..	1 00

Total, \$10 20

Daughters of the American Revolution War Fund.

Balance received June 16th, from Mrs. S. B. Hatch, retiring Treasurer (\$241.25, less \$171.00 credited to dues of Mary Washington Colonial and Le Ray de Chaumont Chapters), \$70 25

As will be noted, the expenditures have been this month grouped according to offices, not according to officers merely. This arrangement shows the number of officers who occupy each of our six double rooms, and the items of rent and awnings have been divided among those several offices, instead of charging them all to "General Office" as heretofore.

The items of Meadow Garden Farm contributions have been previously reported in the Current Fund, but are now separated and the names of the donors are indicated.

Respectfully submitted,

GERTRUDE B. DARWIN,
Treasurer General.

June 30th, 1899.

The Registrar General asked permission to make a short report. This being granted, seven names were presented for membership to the National Society.

It was moved and carried that the Recording Secretary General be instructed to cast the ballot for these new applicants.

Mrs. Alden moved: "That a report of the stationery, application blanks and supplies of all kinds used and distributed in the six months, from March 1st, 1899, to September 1st, 1899, with the amount expended for postage and expressage, also amount of stock on hand, be prepared and presented at the meeting of the National Board of Management in October next." Motion carried.

Mrs. Alden moved: "That owing to the want of facilities for literary work in the rooms of the National Society, during office hours, and to the fact that contracts for printing three Lineage Books, ordered by the Eighth Continental Congress, have already been made; that Mrs. Johnston be permitted to carry on her work as heretofore until the meeting of the National Board in October next." Motion carried.

The Recording Secretary General called the attention of the Board to the fact that according to the rules and regulations contained in the report of the Committee on Daughters of the American Revolution rooms, and which report had been unanimously accepted, there were certain restrictions in regard to giving information concerning the action of the Board at its meetings. The Recording Secretary inquired if this restriction extended also to the members of the Board.

It was answered in the negative, it being stated that any member of the Board who is unable to attend the meetings and desires to be informed of the proceedings of the Board, is duly entitled to this information, and the Recording Secretary was empowered to furnish such information on application.

The Treasurer General asked for instructions in regard to regulating the leaves of absence of the clerks in making up the pay-roll, which were given.

Mrs. Henry moved: "That the clerks be paid in advance for the month of their leave." Motion carried.

Mrs. Hatcher moved that the office be closed at 4 o'clock, p. m. every day during the summer months. Motion carried.

Mrs. Alden inquired about the requirements in regard to the Chapters sending in their By-laws and suggested that postal cards be printed, asking the Chapters to send in their By-laws.

It was moved and carried that this suggestion be acted upon.

The Treasurer General and the Registrar General suggested that certain obituary notices of Chapter members be published in the Magazine.

It was moved and carried that the Committee on Condolence be directed to attend to the publication of these obituary notices.

The Treasurer General stated that the roll of the at-large membership in her office will require to be transferred during the Summer, and explained the system of keeping the records, suggested by the Auditor.

It was moved and carried that a trial of this system be made.

The Treasurer General asked permission to procure a small case and cards which would be necessary for the work.

Mrs. Stakely moved that this request of the Treasurer General be granted. Motion carried.

The Recording Secretary General submitted for the consideration of the Board the design of Nurses' Certificate prepared by Caldwell & Co., which was unanimously accepted.

The President General read a communication from William O. McDowell of the Sons of the American Revolution, addressed to "The Societies of Colonial Dames," which had been sent to the President General for the archives of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution.

The purport of this communication was the necessity of the various patriotic societies working together in harmony.

The Recording Secretary General read letters from Mrs. Thom, State Regent of Maryland, and Mrs. Park, State Regent of Georgia, regretting their inability to attend the meeting of the National Board, and sending cordial greetings.

At five o'clock p. m. it was moved and carried to adjourn until the first Wednesday in October.

Respectfully submitted,

MRS. ALBERT H. AKERS,
Recording Secretary General.

ERRATA.

In the report of the Stars and Stripes Chapter in October Magazine the Chapter membership should read thirty-nine.
